CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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POOR OLD PHARAOH

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

FROM the deepest pit in the pyramid,
Where the dead Egyptian Kings lie hid,
Old Pharaoh blinked at me and said,
"Oho! but it's long that I've been dead.

"For many a year and rather more,
I've lodged in here on the parlor floor,
And they've wined outside and they've made good cheer,
But it's been almighty dead in here.
The grape in the burial vase has dried,
And the glow of my last good glass has died—
The last good glass that my throat shall see—
So down a brimming one just for me.

"Long, long, ago in the world above,
I kissed farewell to my last true love,
And she kissed my cheek and she kissed my chin,
And she kissed the coffin they put me in.
But now I am scarred with seam and crack,
And the red lips flee from the lips burned black,
And the true loves stay where the blood runs free—
So kiss a pretty one just for me.

"Have you heard the songs in the gray moonlight
Of the good companions of the night?—
Such songs we sang, my friends and I,
Till the day shot red in the eastern sky.
But now with the dust in my throat stacked deep,
And my voice outsung by a cricket's cheep,
All my songs lie dead for eternity—
So sing a jolly one just for me."

So I bought me a drink with a two-ply straw,
And I kissed the prettiest girl I saw,
And I sang a rollicking stave of song,
For the sake of a chap who'd been dead so long

"AT FIRST MURRAY USED TO READ A VOLUME OF POEMS OR ESSAYS, AND READ ALOUD. BUT WE ALWAYS FOUND OUR OWN CONVERSATION MORE INTERESTING THAN THE BOOK, AND THE VOLUMES WOULD LIE NEGLECTED, AFTER AWHILE, ON THEIR BACKS."

For accompany "Hearts and the Man"
See page 251

CANADA MONTHLY

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With "Boz" in Old Canada

By H. G. Wade

CHARLES DICKENS

Illustrated with Photographs

CHARLES CALVERLEY, that past master of nonsense and strange mixture of jester and don, once made an examination paper on the immortal Pickwick, one question of which ran, "Who little thinks in which pocket of what garment he has left what and all how much?" and the other twenty-five or so of which were no less puzzling. Who, for instance, could tell off-hand what was the christian name of Mrs. Raddle, or the component parts of "dog's nose"? And who not in the secret could undertake to mention three occasions on which the Fat Boy was not asleep, without a surreptitious peep at the book?

Perhaps there are more Canadians who could win a high percentage on that curious examination-paper than one would think—who could go into intimate revelations about the spot where Mr. Pecksniff lost his eye-glasses, and expound the philosophy of Mr. F's Aunt, and tell—ah, to a drop!—how much "rum srub" it took to rouse Mr. Cymon Tuggs to a state of frenzy about Mrs. Captain Belinda Waters' puce-colored boots. For the Dickens' Fellowship flourishes in Canada, the largest branch in the world being located in Toronto, the Hamilton Fellowship coming third, and the Winnipeg branch, organized only last year, coming far above many of the English and Irish Fellowships in point of numbers and enthusiasm.

"Nothing ever happened in this globe for good at which some people did not have their full laughter at the outset," wrote Dickens, and the Fellowship which bears his name was not an exception. There were scoffers at first, but to-day many of those who laughed at the beginning are members of the organization.

The great novelist paid a visit to Canada in 1842 and of this visit few Canadians seem to know. He was twice in the United States but visited this country only during his first trip to America, his visits being separated by a quarter of a century.

Of Canada the author left on record that Canada has held and always will

retain a foremost place in his remembrance. Besides the link of the humanity in his books, there are personal associations between Canadians and Charles Dickens. Mr. William Cruikshank, R. C. A., of Toronto has a vivid memory of him, having frequently met the great novelist at his London home. He describes him as a kindly man, at that time very much of a dandy in a velvet coat and braided trousers. The link is closer here in that the Canadian artist is a nephew of the George Cruikshank whose drawings and caricatures illustrate much of Dickens' text. It is interesting to note that Canada possesses at Brampton, Ontario, through Mr. Williamson, President of the Toronto Fellowship, one of the largest collections of "Dickensoniana" in the world, and one which only two other men in America can rival.

For many years Mr. Williamson, the "Canadian Dickens man," as he is called, has been collecting all available material in connection with the life and works of the author, and Mr. F. Yeigh, after a visit to Mr. Williamson's library in Brampton, wrote: "Anything approaching a detailed description of Mr. Williamson's Dickensoniana would fill several volumes. A brief reference may be made to a few of the most interesting items, an autograph photo of Elwell's famous statue of Dickens and Little Nell, sent to Mr. Williamson by the sculptor, an original drawing of Dolly Varden by Phiz, with an autograph note from the late Frederick G. Kitton. Two volumes from the library at Gad's Hill containing Dickens bookplates are deserving of more than passing mention. They are the only books from Dickens' library in Canada, also the first editions of several of the novels in the original green paper-covered parts and under the heading 'Pickwickiana' are various editions of the immortal Pickwick Papers, biographical works, speeches, and letters."

MISS CHARLOTTE [illegible]
Who played "devilish well" at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal, in the performance of the Coldstream Guards

Mr. Williamson also possesses a Dickens relic of rare and curious value—the first gold watch of the novelist. It may prove interesting to know how this watch came into Mr. Williamson's possession. Francis Jeffrey Dickens, the author's third son, came to Canada after his father's death in 1870. He remained in the Queen City some time and then went to the North West and in 1874 secured an appointment as In-

GAD'S HILL PLACE, THE LAST HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS

spector in the Royal North West Mounted Police. During the Rebellion of 1885 it was reported that Inspector Dickens had been killed by the Indians in an attack on Fort Pitt, of which he had charge. This, however was not correct. He held his position in the Mounted Police until invalided from the service in March, 1886, and died at Moline, Illinois, in June of the same year. The first gold watch of Charles Dickens was in his possession and was brought by him to Canada. Before going West he became acquainted with the late Mr. F. M. Midford, of Toronto, and on his return there some years later, being in want of money, Dickens said he must sell the watch. Mr. Midford promptly declared his readiness to furnish the cash needed. "It was my father's first gold watch," said Mr. Dickens, "and I'd much rather see it yours, Midford, than a stranger's." After the death of Mr. Midford it came into the possession of the Midford family until 1902 when it was secured from them by Mr. Williamson, who told the writer that he has promised if at any time he wishes to dispose of it, the family should first be consulted, and their consent obtained.

There could be no more interesting relic than this old time-piece used so often during the author's life, and it awakened vivid memories of his childhood days for the late Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens when he visited Canada, as he was from childhood to manhood, in the almost uninterrupted company of his father until 1865 when he went to Australia.

Mr. Dickens on his return to England from his trip last year visited Gad's Hill and stayed at the Bull's inn at Rochester and visited many of the spots associated with his late father. He said: "I find much is changed; but one thing I still find unchangeable wherever I go——it is the love, the personal affection in which the name of my father is held; not merely by those who knew him—for these, alas, are grown very few, but by all classes of men, women and children."

In connection with the Dickens Centenary Stamps which have been

the subject of considerable criticism, the following from a speech given by the author in Hartford, Connecticut, U.S., is interesting: "I would rather that my children living after me, trudged in the mud, and knew by the general feeling of society that their father was beloved, and had been of some use, than that I would for them to ride in their carriages, and know by their banker's books that he was rich."

The departure of "Boz" for Canada at a period when going to sea in ships was more or less a dreadful undertaking, was signalized by a remarkable newspaper demonstration. No author that ever lived was receiving the personal attention and interest that centered around this young man of thirty years. "Sketches by Boz" was the first of the series of triumphs that ended with Edwin Drood, and the humorous verse which first made the name of Dickens familiar to the public, was:

"Who the Dickens Boz could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
But time unveiled the mystery
And 'Boz' appeared as Dickens' self."

MR. WINKLE GOES SKATING
"Hold on to me, Sam, don't let go. It's—it's fearfully slippery, isn't it"

When "Boz" left for Canada he was at that time described as a round-smooth-faced, full-eyed, long-haired, boyish-looking person, with a youthful display of flashy dress and jewelry.

On leaving Liverpool for Halifax he wrote: "I shall never forget the fourth serious and three-fourths comical astonishment with which, on the morning of January third, 1842, I opened the door and put my head into my stateroom on board the Britannia steam packet twelve hundred tons burden per register (of the Cunard Line) Captain John Hewett in command, bound for Halifax, Canada, and carrying her Majesty's mails."

He was accompanied by his wife (Kate) and her maid, and their trip across the Atlantic in mid-winter was an exceptionally rough one. Of the

"BOZ" AT BATH
From a drawing by J. A. Brown, with sketches illustrating the adventures of the Pickwickians in the famous old city

much-advertised, noble "paddle wheel" ship Britannia, he wrote . . . . . "Every plank and timber creaked as if the ship was made of wicker-work, and now crackled like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. We have eighty-six passengers; and such a strange collection of beasts never was got together upon the sea since the days of the ark."

On Thursday, January twentieth, 1842, Boz arrived at Halifax, after being sixteen days out. He landed at Cunard's Wharf, where he was met by the then member for Halifax, Joseph Howe, M.L.A., and was escorted to the residence of the Governor, Lord Falkland. Afterwards he attended the opening of parliament where he sat at the right hand of the speaker, the Hon.

L. G. W. Archibald. Of this event he describes: "The ceremonial and forms observed were so closely copied and so gravely presented on a small scale that it was like looking at Westminster through the small end of a telescope. I wish you could have seen judges, law-officers, bishops, and law makers welcoming me. I was shown to a great elbow chair by the speaker's throne and sitting alone in the middle of the floor of the house was the observed of all observers."

Of Halifax, Dickens thought the whole aspect was cheerful, thriving, and industrious, and he carried away with him a most pleasant impression of the town and its inhabitants. "Nor was it without regret that I returned home without having found an opportunity of returning and once more shaking hands with the friends we made."

In writing to Forster shortly after he landed he said: "I have had deputations from the far West who have come from more than two thousand miles distance from the back-woods, the log houses, the villages and towns. In Canada I have promised to play (in Montreal) at the theatre with the officers, for a benefit of charity. Of Mrs. Dickens he speaks enthusiastically in his letters as a most admirable traveller.

It is no part of our purpose to follow Dickens step by step from the day he landed in Canada to the seventh of June when he re-embarked for England. His visit was merely a sight seeing one and incidentally a hunt for character and coloring, his trip included a visit to a little town, now Cairo, Illinois, and as the result of his journey it figures as the Town of Eden in his American Notes.

Marzials wrote that rightly or wrongly Dickens took a strong dislike to Brother Jonathan as he existed in the rough in those days. He was angered by that young gentleman's brag, offended by the rough familiarity of his manners, incensed by his utter want of care for literature and art.

In his notes Dickens wrote that he wished to abstain from instituting any comparison or drawing any parallel whatever between the social features of the United States and Canada. For this reason he confined himself to a very brief account of his visit to Canada. When he arrived at Niagara Falls upon the English side he put ten dashes under the word "English" and meeting two English officers contrasted them in thought with the men he had just left and seemed by the note of exclamation to call upon the world to witness what gentlemen, what noblemen of nature they seemed. Dickens was much impressed with his visit to the Falls and he wrote: "Niagara is stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty to remain there until its pulses cease to beat forever. And I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roar and leap and roll and tumble all day long, always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted this place since darkness brooded on the deep and that first flood before the deluge. Light comes rushing on creation at the word of God. It would be hard for a man to stand nearer God than he does there. There was a bright rainbow at my feet; and from that I looked up to——Great heaven! to what a fall of bright green water! . . . . . Whenever I think of Niagara, I shall think of its beauty."

Of Toronto Dickens wrote: "The town itself is full of life and motion, bustle, business and improvement. The streets were well lighted with gas and well paved, the houses large and good and the shops excellent, and there were some of which would do no discredit to London itself." He was also much impressed with Upper Canada College, the corner stone of the new college building having been laid only a few days before his arrival. "It is a matter of deep regret," he wrote, "that political differences should have run high in this place. The wild and rabid Toryism of Toronto is seriously appalling."

On leaving Toronto they went to Kingston by boat, calling at Port Hope and Cobourg. The latter he called a "cheerful little town". In Kingston

the "Dickens Party" had no less than five carriages waiting their pleasure at one time. He was much impressed with the Kingston jail, which he thought was well and wisely governed, but a bad fire had visited the seat of Government before his visit there, and Dickens writes: "Indeed it may be said of Kingston that one-half of it appears to be burned down and the other half of it not to be built up."

During the two weeks spent by Dickens and his wife at Peasco's Hotel in Montreal they made many friends and enjoyed a number of rides. He wrote: "Our rides were made doubly interesting by the bursting out of spring which is here so rapid that it is but a few days leap from barren winter to the blooming youth of summer." The streets he described as being "generally narrow and irregular, the city displaying a great variety of good shops and having many excellent dwellings."

A CARICATURE OF DICKENS BY ANDRE GILL

It was in Montreal that Dickens won his first great laurels as an actor at the Queen's Theatre, on May twenty-fifth, in a performance arranged by the officers of the Coldstream guards, who were at that time stationed there. The plays presented were: "A Roland for an Oliver," "Past Two O'clock in the Morning," and a farce entitled "Deaf as a Post." Sir Charles Bagot and Sir Richard Jackson and their staffs were present and the military portion of the audience were all in full uniform. The theatre was lighted with gas, and the scenery was excellent. . . . . "I really do believe that I was very funny," he wrote, "at least I know that I laughed heartily at myself. It went with a roar all through; but only think of Kate playing and playing devilish well. I assure you all the ladies were capital."

During his stay in the Eastern Province Dickens made a short trip to the city of Quebec and was charmed by its interest and beauty. He wrote: "The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended as it were in the air, its picturesque steep streets and its splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. The dangerous precipice, along whose rocky front Wolfe and his companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe received his mortal wound, are the least among the associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest."

Dickens left Montreal for New York on May thirtieth. His last greeting in Canada was from the officers of the barracks and with "Rule Britannia" sounding in his ears he sailed away.

Of Canada after his visit he wrote: "Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is—advancing quietly; old differences settling down and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in a sound and wholesome state; nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigor throbbing in its steady pulse.

It is full of hope and promise. To me, who had been accustomed to think of it as something left behind in the strides of advancing society, as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep, the demand for labor and the rates of wages, the busy quays, the vessels taking in their cargoes and discharging them, the amount of shipping in the different ports, the commerce, roads and public works—all made to last—the respectability and character of the public journals and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn, were great surprises."

SAPHO

BY CY WARMAN

SOUL of Sapho! if to-night,
When my boat is drifting near
Your fair island, spirit bright;
If I sing, and if you hear,
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sapho, signal me.

Soul of Sapho! they have said
That your hair, tho' not of gold,
Made a halo for your head;
And your eyes, I have been told,
Were like stars. O! from the sea,
Soul of Sapho, speak to me.

Soul of Sapho, wake, O wake,
Wake and tune your harp again;
While the foaming billows break.
Let your song sweep o'er the main;
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sapho, sing to me.

Hearts and the Man

By Margaret Meert

With Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

YES, the question was settled at last. No more plucking of daisy petals; no more fervent wishes breathed over lucky four-leaved clovers; no more of that innocent necromancy to test the future.

My future was assured, that is, so far as it was in my power to assure it. Was it not staring me in the face? Looking at me through three flashing eyes? A very agreeable medium through which to view it, I thought, those three flashing diamonds, set in my betrothal-ring.

Yes, that ring was the pledge of my engagement to Wilton Reynolds. It promised to be a very quiet engagement, not full of any rapturous joy, perhaps; not many blushes; few, if any, tremors and wild heart-beats; but, in exchange for these doubtful joys, the satisfaction of knowing that I had made my choice prudently, sensibly. Every one spoke well of Wilton Reynolds. There was but one voice in regard to his eminently sensible, sterling qualities, which were the things a woman should stay her heart upon, the things to make a woman's home-life happy.

Mr. Reynolds, besides, was not poor. He had money enough to take good care of me, to make thoroughly comfortable my somewhat fastidious self.

My grandmother and aunt Esther had told me over and over again, impressed it upon me line upon line, that nothing so much conduces to domestic harmony, domestic happiness, as a reasonable amount of money

"If," my grandmother used to say, "if a man has good temper, a kind heart, and the will and the means to do everything he can for her comfort, a woman cannot fail to live happily with him; and you will be a great fool,

Laura, if you throw away such a chance."

"But falling in love, grandmamma? Don't you think one should do that first?" I ventured to add, on one occasion.

My grandmother stopped to fold her spectacles, and then replied, with a slightly satirical smile on her clear-cut face.

"That is an innocent exercise of the imagination that no one surely would be hard-hearted enough to find fault with, but when you come to making it a prelude to marriage, that is quite a different matter."

"What! You would not exclude love from marriage!" I cried.

"By no means," said my grandmother, calmly. "If a woman marries a man whom she has reason to respect, and who is kind and good to her, she cannot fail to love him."

"Surely something more is necessary. Must there not be something about the man's character that is congenial and agreeable? Some unison of tastes, grandmamma?"

A streak of angry red flushed my grandmother's brow.

"They are merely the product of the imagination. Fancy is soon wearied, and the awakening to realities is attended by unavailing regrets."

"But, grandmamma, don't you believe in love-matches?"

"Laura, I have known many of those so-called love-matches, in my life, and every one shows the same picture of bitter disappointment and delusion."

Seeing the practical sense of my grandmother's decisions in other respects, it was not surprising that these dispassionately delivered opinions should have had their weight in influencing my own views of the question of marriage.

Wilton loved me desperately, had loved me so for years. I like homage. Wilton liked to render it. Doubtless, we would be contented in our married life. It was a satisfaction to think that every one approved.

I slipped my ring on and off my finger; admired the effect of the diamonds to my heart's content. They were set just as I liked them, three large, clear stones in a row. They looked well when I played the piano—Wilton had just sent me a roll of music—I would try it that very moment. I could not help smiling a little disdainfully at Wilton's selection of music—waltzes, and arrangements of opera airs. The "Consortien," however, was not to be despised. I was trying it when Wilton was announced. His eyes sparkled, when he saw that I was playing his music.

"Oh, 'The Consorts!' " he said, looking over my shoulder. "It's a pretty waltz—don't you think so?"

"Why don't you say 'Consortien,' Wilton?" said I. "It sounds so much better than turning it into English."

"Oh, I don't pretend to pronounce foreign languages," he said, laughing.

"Why don't you?" said I, seriously. "You ought to study them."

"You can do all that for me."

"But you ought to do it for yourself," I persisted.

"What's the use? Try those selections from Traviata, Laura."

But I preferred to strum at the waltz.

"How beautifully you read music, Laura."

"Oh, no, I do not," said I, carelessly. "It's nothing to read a waltz."

I left the piano, and walked to the window. Roses climbed the casement outside, and thrust in their blooming sprays. I remember one long spray of noisettes that tossed and waved. Near the window was a small sofa. Wilton seated himself on it, and taking my hand, drew me to a seat beside him.

I hardly knew why it was. Perhaps there was something of assured possession in Wilton's air and action; but I did not rest five minutes satisfied in this lover-like arrangement. I jumped up, and drew an arm-chair before him, and threw myself into that.

"I can't stand having my eyes turned from the window," I cried.

"Then I will turn the sofa around," said Wilton.

"Oh, no! please do not! Just let things stay as they are. Now, you don't care about looking at trees, and grass, and all that, and I do; and now, I can look through the window and see the delicious green lawn, and the waving branches of the trees, and that trail-

ing noisettes, that looks as though it sadly needed a support. Oh! you don't know how much nicer I will be now!"

"I don't know anything about that; but I know one thing, Laura!"

"What is that?"

"That you always seem studious to avoid my demonstration of affection. I know you love me, Laura, and I suppose that is only your way; but I must say, I think you carry it too far, sometimes."

I colored deeply. "You are very right," I said. "I do not like demonstration at all in the least degree. You must remember how I have been brought up; you know what grandmamma and aunt Esther are in that respect.'

Wilton leant over and took my hand.

"But you might show a poor fellow some kindness once in a while?"

With a faint impulse of remorseful tenderness, I bent forward. Just then a shadow fell athwart the window-sill. I looked up.

A pair of shoulders, and a head, obstructed my cherished view of waving green boughs and noisette roses. Surely I knew that handsome head, though four years had passed since I had seen it.

"Murray! That can be no one but you!"

"Murray it is, beyond a doubt," said he, laughing at our somewhat startled faces. "But is that the reason I should be forever excluded from the house? Don't you let travelers in, Laura?"

"Certainly! What was the matter at the front door?"

"I can't tell you, except that I rang and knocked. then rang and pounded, ineffectually; then I heard voices, and wandered here."

"Grandmamma and aunt Esther are out, and the servants must have taken themselves off, too. I am so much mortified," I said, apologetically.

"Oh! I am perfectly satisfied out here, since I have found some one to talk to," said Murray, folding his arms on the window-sill. But I suddenly remembered my duties, and ran to open the door myself.

Then I introduced the two gentlemen, "My cousin, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Reynolds," etc. They shook hands with each other, in orthodox fashion. Wilton, I could see, was annoyed at this interruption. As for Murray, it was nothing to him if he found me engaged in a suspicious tete-a-tete with one man or a dozen.

He was a cousin, barely near enough to be called a cousin; but our families had always been intimate. My grandmother was especially fond of him. It was in response to one of her oft-repeated invitations that he had come down to spend at "Brawleigh" the short summer vacation he allowed himself.

Murray was no "match." Though clever and able, he was only one of that determined brotherhood who are toiling, and struggling, and fighting their way, inch by inch, to gain the sweet bread of independence, in a city where the contestants are hungry and clamorous. No, no "match" was poor Murray in my grandmother's eyes; only a poor lawyer, and a perfectly safe companion for her well-brought-up Laura.

I was relieved that Wilton chose to take his departure early that evening. Of course, I cared not at all for Murray's possible suspicions. I was ready to stand by the fact of my engagement before all the world, if it was necessary; but Wilton never would talk in general conversation. He had a way of trying to say loving little asides to me, that was not pleasant.

I could not see why a man, were he ever so much in love, could not drop the subject, for once, and join in a rational, agreeable conversation; especially where the new comer had so much to say that was interesting. Once I felt really angry, when, while Murray was half through a sentence, addressing us all, Wilton rose abruptly, and went to the window, and called to ask me to look at something he saw. I could see how surprised Murray looked, at such a piece of ill-breeding.

After Wilton left, I could talk and listen at ease. The conversation was ostensibly general; but Murray and I had it all to ourselves. There was something strangely pleasant about it. My spirits rose.

I felt the keeness and force of Murray's mind. But I felt, at the same time, a certain confidence in myself. I knew

that I was capable of entertaining, of interesting him.

Murray asked me to sing. I did not feel like selecting one of my wild or pathetic German songs, still less like singing an English ballad. Irresistibly my voice glided into a dreamy melody, that rippled caressingly, ever restrained by the regular throb of the bass accompaniment.

Murray stood by the piano, and watched me intently. I knew that I was singing unusually well; that I was giving the song a power not its own; indeed, there was a certain inflection in my voice, that was new even to me.

"It is because I am excited," I thought to myself. "I always sing better when I am under the influence of excitement."

I thought it over, that night, when I was alone in my own room. I leaned out into the night, and looked at the resplendent stars; and the perfume of the heliotrope and damask-roses, that were growing under my window, rose up in a perpetual incense. I did not feel sleepy—only very bright, very happy.

"How pleasant it is," I thought, "to meet with clever, cultivated, brilliant people. If I had my way, they should be always about me, not for friends especially, not to marry, of course, because they are never good for domestic life; but for society, for exhilarating companionship. Murray needs all his keen wits. How glad I am not to be a lawyer in a great city. One has to be so clever! What power there is in a certain sort of gray eye! I wonder if Murray's eyes ever look soft!

While thus thinking, I had been, according to custom, drawing my ring on and off. Suddenly it slipped from my fingers, as rings will slip, bounded over the window-sill, and fell into the shrubbery below.

What could I do? My first thought was to light a candle, and go down for it. But then it was very late. I had been a long time sitting at the window. Every one was asleep. To reach the hall-door, at the other end of the house, I would have to go by a long, circuitous route.

I really felt no inclination to traverse the lower rooms alone. Besides, some one would surely hear me unbolting and unlocking the hall door; and then there would be such a commotion—so many questions. "No! Rather than all that," I said, "let the ring repose among the flower-beds until morning."

The next morning I was dressed and down at an early hour. But, early as it was, I found Murray sitting on the lowest step of the stone portico, playing with my black-and-tan.

"Why, Murray!" I said. "What brought you out so early?"

"I could not sleep I suppose it was the unusual stillness that waked me so soon. You have no idea how impressive, to a city man, is this delicious hush and fragrance and greenness of the country. It is especially so at this hour."

"Yes, I think so. This early morning is one of my favorite times."

"I have heard many young ladies express themselves enthusiastically before; but I have rarely met one who was sufficiently active to indulge her taste," said Murray.

"Oh, I don't at all deserve to be enrolled among those latter specimens," said I, laughing. "It is an exceptional duty that brings me out this morning. I was careless enough to drop a ring from my window, last night, and I must look for it."

Murray aided me in the search. I thought I knew just where the ring had fallen; but it was not until after some search that Murray discerned it, glittering like its companion dew-drop, under a fallen rhododendron leaf.

Murray examined the ring leisurely, not noticing my repressed impatience, as I held out my hand.

"These are fine stones, Laura. They look like family jewels reset. Were they your mother's?"

"No," said I. "Give it to me, Murray. The breakfast-bell will ring directly, and I must go into the house."

"If it were not that I knew certainly to the contrary," pursued Murray, turning the ring in the sunlight, as if fascinated by its sparkle, "I should say that its expression was certainly that of an engagement-ring. It has a steady watchful look, as if perpetually on the

alert to detect, if possible, faithlessness on the part of its wearer. But observe the pliancy of imagination! Now that I know it to be nothing of the kind, I see, in lieu of the watchful eye, only a haughty, self-satisfied brilliancy, that, having shone on the fair fingers of successive generations of maidens, it was quite sure of the continuance of so exalted a fate."

"Now you have speculated long enough, Murray," said I. "Give me the ring, and let me go."

"Let me put it on," said he.

Without any thought of what Wilton probably would have thought of such a proceeding, I held out my hand. Murray slipped the ring on. Silently we walked into the house.

"Laura," said my grandmother, at the breakfast-table," what were you and Murray looking for, under the rhododendron bush?"

"Something I dropped out of the window, last night, ma'am."

"Was it your ear-ring?"

"No, ma'am."

"Your breast-pin?"

"No, ma'am, it was neither. Aunt Esther, I will set out those rose-slips for you, after breakfast."

"What did you drop, Laura?" persisted my grandmother.

"My ring, ma'am."

"Your ring!" said my grandmother. "Well, I must say, you took it coolly, letting it lie on the lawn all night. Why didn't you go down and get it?"

"For a good many reasons," I answered, carelessly. "It did very well where it was."

"Young people, now, are curious beings," said aunt Esther. "Imagine a girl thinking that her engagement-ring 'did very well where it was,' out under the trees, all night, when two steps would have put it on her finger again! What would Wilton say to such nonchalance, Miss Laura?"

"Engagement-ring," said Murray, surprised. "Wilton?" It was out, now.

I would not raise my eyes to encounter Murray's, which I felt were fixed on me. Why did I feel so provoked and vexed? After all, what difference did it make? Murray might as well know of my engagement as everyone else. But ought I not to have acknowledged it when he spoke about my ring? Why should I? I was certainly under no obligation to announce the state of my private affairs to Murray.

Notwithstanding these reasonings, I felt very foolishly uncomfortable, and inclined to run after Murray, and explain. Explain what? Truly there there was nothing to explain.

Wilton came, as usual, that morning. But it was to announce, reluctantly, that business called him away for a week or two, to a distant city. I never saw Wilton appear so sad, so depressed. When we parted, he took my two hands into his, and looked at me fixedly. His eyes were filled with tears; and must I admit that this annoyed me?

"Laura," he said. "Love me, and be faithful to me. Laura, does it distress you to part from me?"

"You will soon return, Wilton."

"Yes," he said. "Thank heaven, I will. I will hurry through my business, as fast as I can, knowing that my own Laura is watching for me."

He let fall my hands, and the moment after was gone.

I thought to myself how sorry I was that Wilton would not come as usual, and went about the house that day thinking with satisfaction of how much Wilton loved me, and how precious a thing was the possession of a great, warm heart—a thousand, a thousand times worth cold intellect, and heartless charm of manner. Murray I did not see from breakfast time until evening. He stayed in his room, looking over papers, he said, and I busied myself with a thousand things.

When we met again, there was, at first, a slight stiffness in our manner to each other, but that soon evaporated. Grandmamma and aunt Esther had nothing particular to say when Murray's family news was exhausted, so his entertainment was left in my hands.

Murray knew that I was engaged, and was, therefore, perfectly unconstrained in his manner to me; and I knew that however congenial Murray was to my mind, Wilton assuredly had my heart.

So, as Murray had nothing to do, having come expressly to enjoy a holiday, he shared all my occupations and amusements. When I put on my gauntlet-gloves and sundown hat, and went to work my garden beds, and set out flowers, Murray went too, and we tried to do as people do in books. He would bring a volume of poems or essays, and read aloud while I troweled and planted. But we always found our own conversation more interesting than the book, and the books would lie neglected, after awhile, on their backs.

How incessantly we talked! From morning until night, conversation never flagged. Murray had so much to say; I had so much to say. We differed, it is true, upon every topic, and then there were endless explanations and misunderstandings, to end in the discovery that we both thought precisely the same after all.

How could I fail to find out, day by day, how noble were Murray's aims, and how disinterested his nature.

"But it is all the same. I am unchanged," I would answer firmly to something within me, that, from time to time, uttered a faint suggestion that this companionship was pleasant. "Wilton has my heart. It is all the same," I repeated, hastily, as every day showed me more of his truth, and the tenderness which lay deep in his heart. "The same, the same!" I would murmur, through my closed teeth, and my face buried in my hands, as I sat in starlight, before my window, that overlooked the roses and rhododendrons. There was no need to start up and listen, with fast-beating heart, to Murray's ringing footsteps, as he passed down the distant hall to his room.

Thus flew the time away. I had received two or three letters from Wilton, and had answered the first, but not the last ones. What was the sense of writing so often? Wilton would soon be back.

One afternoon Murray proposed that, instead of playing chess under the trees on the lawn, we should take the table to a more distant point that commanded a fine prospect. I assented, Murray marched away with the table on his head, and carried the men, and we were soon established under a mountain-ash, playing chess with all our hearts,

A ray of sunlight struck across the board, and touched my diamonds, lighting them up so brilliantly, that I exclaimed, and called Murray's attention. "Oh, how they glitter! Don't they look beautiful, Murray?"

"No!" said he, vehemently, in a low voice, and through his set teeth.

I was startled at this sudden violence from calm Murray.

"Don't you admire diamonds, Murray?"

"No!" said he "I have learned to hate them. Perhaps," he added, bitterly; "it is because it would be utterly out of my power to offer diamonds to the woman I loved."

"But you would offer her what would make diamonds as dust, Murray," said I, involuntarily, by one of those quick impulses that bring the truth sometimes to our lips.

Murray looked up at me. For one moment his dark, gray eyes grew unspeakably soft and luminous. For one moment; in the next, the white queen planted herself firmly in the midst of my defences, and he was saying,

"Checkmate, Laura!"

"Well, I have learned to take defeat composedly. You always get the better of me, Murray," said I.

Murray smiled, and, leaning his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, he regarded me thoughtfully.

All was still around us. There was no sound but the rustle of leaves, and, from time to time, the cawing of a flight of crows. The glowing air was stirred constantly by a light wind. Far down below us into the valley stretched the forest; the tree-tops restlessly tossed and waved; the silver-lined poplar leaves shivered, and their branches swayed unceasingly. The clouds cast transient shadows on the nearer mountain sides; far away rose deep blue summits.

I felt oppressed; there was an undefinable feeling of pain in my heart.

The wind was rising. The waving tree-tops seemed to be sighing, and

"COME LAURA," SAID MURRAY, "I SEE YOU ARE SHIVERING. THIS BREEZE IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU"

sobbing, and moaning. I found myself repeating to myself, over and over again, the words in Schubert's "Aufenthalt,"

"As with the breezes, the tree-tops sway,
Unceasing thus, throbs my heart night and day."

and fainter, and farther off, the wind seemed to take up in echo,

"Unceasing thus, throbs my heart night and day,
Unceasing thus—unceasing thus—

Impatiently I pushed the chessmen away and rose to my feet, for it seemed as if I could not breathe. My cousin watched me in some surprise.

"Come, Laura," said Murray, suddenly. "I see you are shivering. This breeze is too much for you."

Just then something fell from a tree a few feet behind Murray. It was a little bird, that the wind had blown from its nest. Murray left his seat to pick it up. At the same moment, I heard a footstep. I turned. It was Wilton. He came with hands extended, and beaming face.

"Thank heaven! my dearest Laura, that I find you alone. I was afraid that self-sufficient cousin would be around!"

Before I could speak he had caught my hands in his, and kissed me.

The blood rushed in a burning torrent over my face and throat.

"Oh, no, Wilton!" I stammered, al-

most pushing him away. "You I— "

As I spoke he perceived Murray. He could not but see Murray's face at that moment. I was literally transfixed. There was a still passion in its white expression that frightened me. But it was gone quickly. Murray murmured a few hasty words, and disappeared.

To make up for his enforced absence, Wilton now spent nearly his whole time at "Brawleigh." In place of Murray's society, I now had the conversation of Wilton, my affianced. I had an abundant supply of it. I could drink long draughts of happiness from my lover's presence, as they say in romances.

Wilton was the fondest of lovers. He idolized me; bore patiently with my slightest whim—how many there were to bear with! I had grown so irritable, I was vexed with everything Wilton said or did. If he was submissive, I was impatient; if he found fault with me, and ventured to read me a lecture on my imperiousness, I grew disdainful—nothing suited me.

Of Murray, I now saw almost nothing. In long walks over the mountain, in day-long shooting expeditions, from which he came home in his hunting-clothes after dinner was over, tired, dirty and successful in the matter of squirrels, and in perpetual writing in his room, he seemed to spend his time; going at these things as if his life depended upon their fulfillment. When we did meet, we interchanged but few words, scarcely ever a glance. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of him leaning from the window of his room, apparently absorbed in thought.

It required an effort of the imagination to believe that we had once chatted and laughed together, through the live-long day. Murray seemed to have forgotten it utterly. But could I not understand that in those times I was merely his cousin, a good companion, with whom to beguile the long summer hours? Now, I was the same; but the owner of his cousin's time, the lover, had now come to enjoy his own again, and Murray must step back and find his amusement elsewhere. No; I could not understand this, and would not. But it was a lesson that must be learned.

Murray did not miss his talks with me. Murray did not hunger and thirst for one word with me. But what was that in Murray's eyes, when they met mine, be it over the breakfast-table, be it over the most commonplace reference to commonplace things, that made me, for a moment, forget time, place, even my own words! How could I read the thoughts that rose to Murray's eyes, if they were not the reflection of thoughts that rose to mine.

But this was only momentary; only the flash of a hidden light. For one second I felt a thrill of pure joy; the next moment, perhaps, would hear the slam of Murray's door, and Kate's voice, "Mr. Reynolds is in the parlor, Miss Laura." Oh, did he think of me! "I do not love him," I would say to myself weeping bitter tears. "I do not want anything like that from Murray; but only I want to see him as much as I did. I want to have one long satisfactory talk with him again; to be like intimate friends; to ask him why he will not stay with me, sometimes, and talk as we used to—"

But this was not to be. In the parlor must I sit with Wilton. Sometimes I would be sitting listless, half-thinking my own thoughts, half-listening to Wilton's when, suddenly, every nerve would awake. I heard it; Murray's step through the upper hall; nearer and nearer, down the stairs, and then—He had gone by, never looking into the room as he passed!

"Your cousin goes in and out a dozen times in an hour. I should say, Laura," said Wilton, one day, laughing. "He seems a moody sort of fellow. Don't be turning your dark eyes so often toward the door, Laura, or I will be jealous."

"I did not know your feelings ever took that turn, Wilton," said I. "You have a sublime confidence in your own power that is rare to see."

"No, it is not that," said Wilton, gravely. "But I have perfect confidence in you. I trust you, Laura."

"Come," I said, rising abruptly. "Let us go out of doors. This air is stifling. How ! ! : ! hot glare!

The sun under clouds: no clear sunlight and shadow!"

"Give me one of these Ophir rosebuds, Laura," said Wilton, when we passed the flower-beds, "and then I must go. I don't like those black clouds rolling up from the west."

I broke off the rose, and held it out to him.

"Let me, in return, put one in your hair; this coppery gold color was just made for you," said he, attempting to fasten the rose in my brown plaits.

I shook off his hand and the rose with an impatient gesture.

"Don't, please. I don't want a flower in my hair."

"Why, I have often heard you say that you liked nothing better."

"Pray don't be perpetually reminding me of what I have said and done, Wilton!"

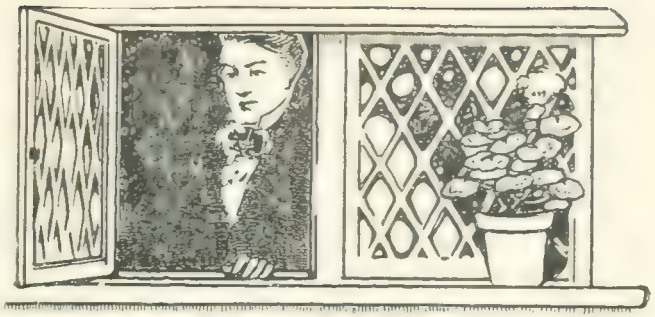
Wilton sighed, then he bade me adieu, and mounted his horse, and rode away. I wandered through the shrubbery, down the hill, and on through the pine wood that succeeded it, so absorbed in my thoughts that I never noticed the thick gathering clouds, and the settling gloom. My attention was first aroused by the rumbling of thunder. Looking up, I found myself much farther from the house than I had imagined. I turned to make my way home as soon as possible, but had gone but a little distance, before the increased cloudiness of the thunder, and repeated flashes of lightning assured me that I must seek some nearer shelter.

Not very far from the house, in a grove of evergreen shrubbery, was a rustic summer-house. The "hut" I called it, dedicated to my use. Toward this I ran, and reached it just as the first heavy drops of rain struck my cheek.

Quite tired from my run, I dropped into the nearest chair.

"An exhausted refugee!" said Murray's voice.

"How you startled me, Murray! Yes; I was about to ask you the same qestion; but I see you are quite domesticated with your books and papers."



ONCE OR TWICE I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM AT HIS WINDOW, APPARENTLY ABSORBED IN THOUGHT

"It is my haunt," said Murray. "This rustic work is prettily arranged, and compactly, as we have reason to rejoice in, when we hear that heavy rain. Then I like the evergreens around me; the odor of these young pines is particularly agreeable."

"Yes, I like the evergreens," I said.

I had wished for a "long, satisfactory talk" with Murray. Here was just the opportunity I needed; the thunder and lightning were not violent; but they came as if they meant to keep it up, and the rain, too, promised a steady effort. Here, then, was the chance I craved. Admirable opportunity! but, when it came, I had nothing to say. All the reproachful speeches; all the eager questions; where were they? In Murray's actual cool presence, they shrunk out of sight. To every subject of conversation that suggested itself, there was an objection of discussion.

Murray seemed to have a like difficulty, or else was silent, because he chose to be. He put his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the window, whilst I contemplated the sky from the door.

"No chance of its stopping," I said, at last.

"Not the slightest. All the better, perhaps, for my journey to-morrow."

Journey to-morrow! To-morrow! Was he going away so soon? My heart beat violently; but I spoke quite calmly.

"Are you going to-morrow? Must you go so soon, Murray?"

"Yes," he said, turning and seating

himself by a tiny table. "I must go, as you say, so soon."

"I am sorry," I said, "that you will leave us. I fear you have had but a dull visit."

Ah, if he could have known what a throb my heart gave, at each commonplace word.

Murray got up, and walked to the window, then seated himself again; then, bending over the table, he said, gently,

"Are you sorry, Laura?"

Tears rushed to my eyes, but I kept them back by a strong effort, and my voice, when it came, sounded natural, and only too careless.

"Sorry! Of course, I regret that you should. What an absurd question to ask me, Murray!"

"Pshaw!" he said, throwing himself back into his chair. "An absurd question, indeed! What difference can my going make to you, so long as you are left behind with your lover? Sorrow! What can you know of sorrow, of feeling, of a wretched, despairing heart, writhing under its separation from its idol—the thing it loves best in the wide world? You, who have your heart's chosen, what can you know of my bitter pain in thus parting?"

Everything seemed to glide away from me.

"Murray!" I cried, faintly.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" he cried, coming around to my side, and grasping my hands in his. "Pardon me, Laura! I did not think what I was saying. I forgot myself, in my angry jealousy, at the thought of your love for him! Those wild words should never have escaped me! Forget," he said, more calmly. "Forget that I have been mad enough to love you, from the first moment that we met."

Oh, how the voices clamored then in my soul! Oh, how I longed to throw aside fidelity, truth, everything that forbade me to put out my hand to grasp what I was starving for. Only to speak one word, and Murray's love was mine; only to give one long look in Murray's eager eyes, and he would know that mine was his.

Oh, no, no! That word must never be spoken; that look could never be given. Alas, my plighted faith!

In the tumult of mind and heart, poor Wilton's words, "I trust you, Laura," repeated themselves over and over.

"You cannot imagine the torture I have undergone, every day, of late," pursued Murray, in a low voice, "and yet I could not endure to leave you. Oh, Laura! if your heart had not been already given; if I had been before him, could you have, perhaps—let me think —what am I saying?" he cried, turning to the window once more. "You will look upon me as a madman. Forgive me! forgive me!"

Alas, I could forgive too easily! I felt my resolution failing me; I could not listen longer without betraying myself. My only safety was escape. His back was toward me. Before he turned again, I was half way to the house, utterly heedless of the pelting rain.

Murray went the next morning. Calmly we shook hands, and bade each other farewell, when he came to me in turn; but haggard as Murray looked, my face was as colorless.

"You must come again, next summer, Murray," said my grandmother, smilingly, "and then, perhaps, Laura will have another home to welcome you to than old 'Brawleigh.' Don't give me such a look, child; Murray is no stranger." Murray murmured something, which conveyed to grandmamma's mind, I suppose, that he would be very happy to visit Laura under those improved circumstances.

I was sitting alone, the next morning, when Wilton entered the room. It was a terrible effort to meet him again. I felt as if that one night had placed leagues between our spirits. As he entered, heaven forgive me! I felt as if I absolutely abhorred him.

He had a newspaper in his hand. "Laura," he said, sinking his voice, "I have some bad news for you, my dear girl; but it will be a shock to your grandmother; you must break it to her!"

A sudden, awful fright came over me.

"Oh, what is it? Do be quick, Wilton!"

"Why, there was a terrible accident

on the train to Montreal, yesterday. Many killed, outright. Among them, they say, your cousin. Why, Laura! Laura! Stop! Stop! Do calm yourself! For heaven's sake, don't rush in that headlong way to your grandmother!"

"Let me go! let me go!" I cried, pushing him off violently. "I hate you! I hate you! I loved him! I loved him! Oh, Murray! Murray!" and all was darkness before me.

Murray was not killed. For a while he carried his left arm in a sling; but only a while. Only a while, too, did I suffer the penalty of my rash engagement. Instead of the life-long pain that my own act might have awarded to me, came a happiness as undeserved as it was precious.

My dear, skeptical grandmother lived to see that whatever trials fell upon Murray and me, in the years of our married life, they were met by two hearts that beat together in undiminished love and trust; two hearts that beat bravely, each one brave for the other's sake.

But Wilton, whom I had so cruelly wounded, in my folly? Generously he forgave the wrong I had done him. But years passed before he could pass from under the shadow thrown over his life from my prudent choice.

THE MERCHANTMAN

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

Who has a heart to sell? Good prices here;
I have a booth, in very truth,
The finest of the town for youth,
Where hearts to buy and hearts to sell
Are cried all day so smooth and well
You cannot choose but stop and hear.

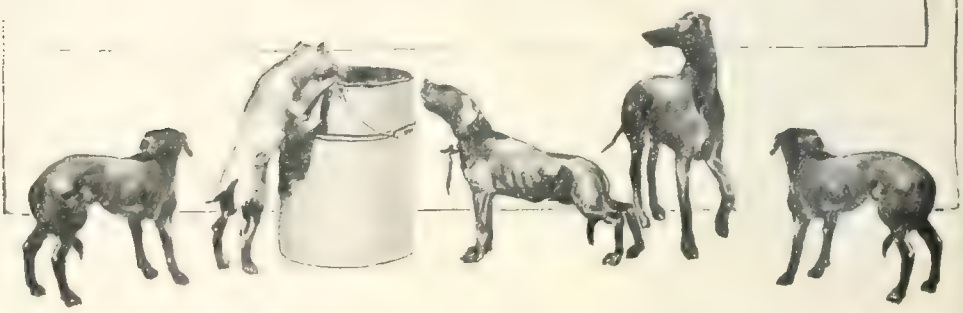
Who has a heart to buy? Fair sir, look in!
Sweet merchandise of ladies' eyes,
Of smiles and kisses and surprise,
Bright valentines and roses gay,
Bows, arrows, verses—all array,
All furniture of love within.

You will not buy nor sell! What lack you then?
Lethe for you? Nay, do not sue
A merchantman of hearts for rue.
Hark in your ear—another heart,
Bright, fresh, unhandled, very smart,
Good sir, 'twill cure all ills of men.
Come buy! Come buy!

Money-Mad Farming Part V.

THE MILK THAT YOU DON'T GET

By Rex Croasdell



TUCKED away in the top right hand corner of little England is a town by the name of Newcastle. A grimy borough but proud of its dirty face. England's navy, and the dreadnoughts of the world for the matter of that, depend upon it for their efficiency. Newcastle exports coal. Newcastle exports lots of coal. "It's like carrying coal to Newcastle" is a term of ridicule aptly applied to the waste of energy all over and beyond the seven seas. Western Canada is carrying coal to Newcastle—and paying through the nose for the privilege of being so foolish. *Western Canada imports milk.*

The Winnipeg housewife is sending the sons of Minnesota farmers to the State university and part of her husband's pay-check furnishes gasoline for the aforesaid farmer's "forty". Nice state of affairs, isn't it? Would you believe it if I gave you figures? Well, here goes. On October the fifteenth in the year of our Lord nineteen eleven one dealer alone in the City of Winnipeg brought in 700 gallons of milk from Minneapolis. One dealer, mind you, just. He paid, in addition to original cost, express charges for a four hundred mile haul and a so-much-per-cent. duty on top of that. But he collected every cent from Mrs. Winnipeg. It wasn't an experiment; just an everyday occurrence. The imports are increasing. Western Canada is foolish. Western Canada pays high prices for carrying coals to Newcastle. And, instead of observing the fallacy and mending her ways, Western Canada continues in her folly and her farmers in Minnesota continue to thrive.

You must have milk; your first wail was inspired by the want of it. Agree? Then get out and demand it! Milk is a necessity of healthy life. True the birds above and the fish beneath don't need it. But who wants a diet of worms? Imagine it. A four-hundred mile express charge and an inflation of the custom's receipts tacked on to the milk bill because the farmers back there are too shiftless to keep a few cows. Mr. Printer, insert right here, in italic caps, "Who put up the price of living?" *WHO PUT UP THE PRICE OF LIVING?* Thank you, Mr. Printer, now go and megaphone it from the top of the Royal Alexandra.

WHY OUR BREAD-BASKET IS WITHOUT BUTTER

Western Canada is the bread basket of the Empire. A title well won and mightily well maintained. But who wants bread without butter? Even the casual wards get cheese with theirs. That's it, milk—and butter—Canadian Stilton. Oh, Western Farmer, give us all three with our bread and we'll feed, fatten and praise thee.

In the meantime, Mr. Farmer, please don't point to the statistics covering the present production of butter fat in the provinces. It is admitted that a still small voice from the lowing kine is heard within the land. But how small it is; and the need is so great. Do you know of any western city that has an adequate milk supply? Do you know of *any* place in Western Canada where there is an over-plus of dairy products? *No! No!* Double negative. Positive fact.

THE NO. ONE FARMER WHO'S A NO. ONE SHIRK

Why doesn't the West produce an over-plus of dairy products? Why doesn't the Western palate tiddle the delightful flavor of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta No. 1 Creamery? Because the Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta farmer is a No. 1 Shirk! Yet, Western Canada *can* produce an over-plus of dairy products. She could, if she would, supply the whole home market every day and have enough butter-fat left over to grease a

skidway to Canaan. Yes sir, every day of the three-six-five with an extra shift thrown in this month. We mentioned Canaan. Moses held his people to a forty year search by the promise of a land of milk and honey. *Milk* was the prominent, the alluring symbol of a blessed prosperity. And yet, the Western farmer in his shiftlessness despises it!

HE "CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH KEEPING COWS"

The present conditions of the Western dairy market cannot continue. If public opinion, the work of the Government, the awakening sense of his own responsibility—any one or all three—will not stir up Mr. Money Mad Farmer, the ultimate impoverishing of his wheat-weakened acres will. It is the same old story of the same old reckless following of the all-wheat fallacy. Mr. Money Mad Farmer "can't be bothered keeping cows". He wants to carry all his eggs to market in the one grain sack. But he can't always get away with it. There's many a slip 'twixt his hen-roost and breakfast table; and then—well, no one wants scrambled eggs with the shell in.

But we're not going to prophesy calamity. It's bad enough as it is when one western city alone brings a thousand pounds of cream a day all the way from Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. Yes, it's as bad as that and getting worse. Importing food-stuffs from United States farmers four hundred miles away is not the sorriest shadow on the picture of Western Canada's prosperity. The big shame lies in the natural fact that the west is well able to help herself. How? Easy!

First of all, forget the fallacy that the soil and climatic conditions of the prairie provinces are only good for raising wheat. Anybody caught trying to teach that kind of a doctrine ought to be tarred and leathered—feathers are too soft for him. This dairying idea and better agricultural conditions generally is not a revolutionary theory. It isn't going to lessen the production of the world's best wheat. It simply means making two or three dollars come in where one came before. It is the solution of the "help" problem and the turnpike to a brighter prosperity. It means money coming in all the year round for the farmer and—listen hard Mrs. Winnipeg, *et al.*—a good sized slice cut off the housekeeping expenses. It isn't a prize in a dot-counting competition, a shell game or a subdivision swindle, but a sure-enough way for the West to get firmly established in a permanent prosperity.

How is this very desirable object going to be accomplished? By making Mr. Money Mad Farmer make a few changes in his agricultural system. The expansion of the dairying industry alone cannot do it any more than one pugilist can make a prize-fight but it's about half way there. So let's concern ourselves about butter-fat. Now, bring Bossie into the argument.

BRINGING "BOSSIE" INTO THE ARGUMENT

In the first place there is big money to be found behind the milk house door. Now Mr. Money Mad Farmer pricks up his ears. You've heard a hundred tales of wonderful wealth made through wheat. Here's one about what the bossie cow did for a widow and her mighty sons. The widow was a poor woman. She landed in Winnipeg six years ago. Her two sons started in ditch digging. In three years of hard work and commendable thrift they accumulated seven hundred dollars. Being foreigners they didn't squint at opportunity. They started dairying. That was three years ago. Today their property—and they own it outright—is worth thirty thousand dollars. Figure out the percentage of profit for yourself. It doesn't represent the appreciation of real estate values or the lucky twist of a roulette

wheel. It's simply the piled up profits that *you* might have made. Sounds better than wheat farming!

You wouldn't be reading this if everybody could make as big a jump to fortune from the top of the cow-barn as did the Winnipeg widow and her two sons. You can't make money any old way in the milk house. It means twelve-months-a-year work with a modicum of brain as well as brawn. Please don't run away to your wheat fields; there's a big twelve months-in-the-year income in it as well. The initial expense is greater—don't run again, the percentage of profit is correspondingly increased. Above and beyond everything also take a fast hold of this truth—dairying is not a summer vacation vocation. There are a multitude of muddlers scattered around the three prairie provinces who profess to be dairymen because they tease the teats of a few cows during the summer and ship over-ripe cream to the nearest government station every now and again. With the sight of the first sign of a little real work approaching these fakers sell their dividend producers to the stock yards agent. The winter care of dairy cattle is a terrific bogey to the shiftless farmer. But in the last analysis it isn't half as awesome as the halloween variety.

That's it. The Money Mad Farmer, is all the time hollering about a bogey topping the wood-pile instead of digging in and producing profits. If somebody would steer a bunch of dairy cattle on to his place, furnish him with a mechanical milker, separate the cream, cool it and ship it to the station, he might be persuaded to endorse the cheques if the same good fairy would give him a fountain pen with ink in it. In the meantime he's a soil-miner, a waster of fertility, and is terribly busy up-tilting the cost of living. Too busy! How many months in the year does the all-grain farmer work for his living? Anyhow, the other six, seven or eight months he has the devil's mischief factory working overtime. Dairying is the solution of the perplexing problem of his idleness.

HIS 65-BUSHEL TO THE ACRE CROP OF EXCUSES

Oh yes, he has a sixty-five bushel to the acre crop of excuses all ready for the defense of his idleness. "Ain't any money in it," one says; "Haven't any creamery near here," wails another; "Present conditions in the West don't warrant it," pompously asserts another. And so on and so on all down the line. But never a peep of complaint from the chosen few who are engaged in turning the production of butter-fat into plump profits. No sir, these few have a monopoly of both wisdom and wealth. They *know* there is big money in it. They *know* a creamery is established near-by as soon as the cream supply is turned on. They *know* the "present condition of things in the West" bugaboo is all poppycock. Experience has taught them. And moreover, these fellows also know that the money comes easy and the labor is light. They can keep their help profitably employed the year 'round. They're not wiped off the map if a crop is hailed out or if the mercury takes a drop too much a little early in the season. Can the all-grain farmer lay claim to any of these securities?

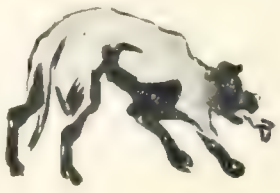
DRAWING YOUR DIVIDENDS TWICE A DAY

As to the work involved the hardest part of the whole proposition is in making milk out of green feed; and Bossie 'tends mightily well to that. In the summer time she boards out, rustles for her own grub and fertilizes the farm at the same time. Mr. Farmer simply draws his dividends twice a day, puts them in the milk vat and takes precautions that the temperature of his produce stays put until it gets to the creamery. In all his operations he has mechanical aids which are practically fool-proof. True, he must have

a milk-house and a supply of cold water in the vat. But a few bags of cement, two or three days' labor—and the safe investment of a very little capital provides for all that. If there isn't a running spring around the place, sink a well. But it is in the winter time that the biggest profits pile up—and that notwithstanding the increased cost of operations. Bossie must have protection if the farmer is to have milk. Put up a cow barn; it's a permanent improvement on the place anyway and will add more than its cost to the value of the property. As to winter feed, every Western farmer can raise it. Good hay, corn fodder and green feed comes willy-nilly and alfalfa is a life-saver. Taking it all in all, there isn't a reasonable excuse for the woeful lack of dairying in the three provinces. The man who says it can't be done hasn't a leg to stand on, let alone kick with.

There can be no doubt about it. Butter-fat is the best lubricant for the wheels of the prosperity band-wagon. Wasteful tillage, the impoverishment of the soil and a consequent upending cost of living lead inevitably to disaster. A permanent system of agriculture, and by that y'understand, a twelve-months-in-the-year practice is meant, is the only safe basis upon which to build a substantial prosperity. Remember, Mr. Farmer, the dairy route is the short line to enduring riches. But don't go it blind. It doesn't pay individuals to experiment. The governments, Federal and Provincial, have done all that—and their work is good. For nothing you can have the advice of experts who know which particular type will pay you best. For the same price you can learn, and it is very necessary to know, just how to apply the individual test which will weed out the bad from the good in the herd. Particulars as to the proper care of cream and methods of shipment are free for the asking. And the Government creameries will pay top prices for the entire out-put. Even the immortal Oliver couldn't ask for more.

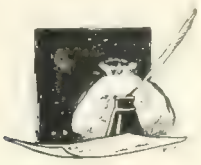
For itself alone the general adoption of dairying is desirable. But it means much more. With it will come a systematic rotation of crops and a happy concomitant in the shape of a greatly increased yield of the world's best wheat. Yes sir, an *increased* yield. It is inevitable. On the other hand, a continuance of the present shiftless methods of mal-farming will produce results just as inevitable. The other hand means that Mr. Western Farmer will have a badly mussed omelette instead of a golden egg. But don't let's talk about the other hand.



Boosting Beef in Betzville

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Peter Newell



THE Reverend Ebenezer Spillgath, of Betzville, is one of the kindest hearted men in our midst, and organizer of the Betzville Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Aunt Rhinocolura Betz is the other member. But there are some animals it is mighty hard to please.

About a year ago Mr. Spillgath heard a calf bawling in Orone McDooble's barn, and it bawled so sadly that Mr. Spillgath's heart was touched, and he went in and upbraided Orone, but all Orone said was that if the Reverend Spillgath felt that way about it he could have the plagued calf and welcome, but that as for him, he wasn't going to spend all his time trying to teach a wobbly-legged cow-child to climb trees. So the Reverend Spillgath upbraided Orone a few times for his language, and took the calf home.

As soon as he had the calf home he turned it loose in the back yard and went over to Aunt Rhinocolura's to secure a donation for the purpose of improving the happiness of the calf, but when he reached home again the calf was sadder than ever. It was standing before an apple tree with its front feet on the trunk, looking up into the boughs and bawling piteously. It was evident that the calf wanted to climb the tree, and Mr. Spillgath is kind-hearted, so he gave the calf a boost and it scrambled into the crotch of the tree. As soon as it was up it emitted a little bleat of joy and immediately fell down the other side of the tree and landed on its head. It bawled about that for an hour, and then it got up and turned around and put its fore feet on the tree trunk and bawled to be up in the tree again. So Mr. Spillgath gave it another boost, and it scrambled up into the crotch and bleated once joyfully, and fell out of the tree on the other side.

For a week the Reverend Spillgath spent all his time boosting the calf into the tree and seeing it fall out again, but at the end of that time the calf was able to lie in the crotch of the tree with its hind legs hanging down one side of the tree and its fore legs hanging down the other, and it should have been happy, but it wasn't. As soon as it was able to remain in the crotch it began looking toward the upper branches and bawling to be up in them. But as soon as the Reverend Spillgath gave it a boost it fell through the crotch on its head. It was a sad case of misapplied devotion to an ideal, and Reverend Spillgath went over to Aunt Rhinocolura's and got another contribution out of her for the improvement of the condition of tree-climbing calves.

Oddly enough the cash contributions of Aunt Rhinocolura did not seem to improve the calf in the way of climbing. It remained a mighty poor tree climber, and no explanations of the art made by Mr. Spillgath helped the calf much. Mr. Spillgath would explain to the calf

... THAT THE CAT WAS TOO TO CLIMB THE TREE, AND MR. SPILLGATH, ... THE KETTLE GAVE THE CAT A BOOST ...

how to climb the tree, and then he would follow precept with example, and would climb the tree himself, and the calf would look on eagerly, and fairly pant to do it herself, and then Mr. Spillgath would give the calf a boost and it would paw at the tree with its legs and go plunk! through the crotch onto its head. It was a melancholy calf. When it was not bawling to be boosted into the tree it was bawling because it had alighted on its head. In a few weeks it wore out that tree, and Mr. Spillgath had to do his best to boost it into the big elm, and that was pretty hard work, for the crotch of the elm was about twelve feet up. He was obliged to run to Aunt Rhinocolura every day for contributions.

What made it worse was that the calf was growing all the while, and while it is not so bad to boost a calf up a tree, it is a job and a half to boost a cow, and it takes a lot of contributions. Mr. Spillgath had to hire several of his relatives to help him, and they would all take hold of the cow and give her a mighty boost into the crotch of the elm. Sometimes they boosted so hard that they tossed the cow right through the crotch and over the fence into Orone McDooble's yard but that did not make much difference, for the cow always fell out sooner or later, and it saved time. When they tossed the cow right over they were able to get her and toss her again all the sooner. When they did not toss, the cow bawled, and when they did toss, she fell with a thud and bawled just the same. And there wasn't anything seemed to interest the cow but tree-climbing.

Except fireworks. The cow was passionately fond of fireworks. Passionately! Reverend Spillgath discovered that on the evening of July First. The cow instantly stopped bawling for higher things, as you might say, the moment she saw fireworks. So he went over to Aunt Rhinocolura's and got a big contribution for fireworks, and every evening he had roman-candles or spin-wheels or rockets for the cow. She seemed to like spin-wheels the best, but only about one out of a dozen spin-wheels work right, and when they did not work right the cow would lie down and weep piteously.

Rev. Spillgath said that he thought the cow was temperamental, and that her point of view ought to be appreciated. But Aunt Rhinocolura, after she had watched the relatives boosting her for awhile, said that in her opinion the critter was just full of the Old Nick. Besides, she said, those fireworks cost something sinful.

But you can't use fireworks to advantage during the day. Ebenezer thought of getting a big tent and darkening it, so he could have fireworks for the cow by day, but Aunt Rhinocolura objected. She said she was about contributed to a finish. She remarked, rather sullenly, that beef steak, at least, did not bawl. So Mr. Spillgath did the best he could for a while, but the cow grew worse. She wanted the spin-wheels in the top of the elm tree so she could be climbing the tree and watching the fireworks simultaneously. This really aggravated Reverend Spillgath, although he is one of the kindest hearted of men, and he said that as Aunt Rhinocolura had ceased her contributions it was evident to him that this was the kind of cow that would never be happy anywhere but in Heaven. The butcher gave him twenty-eight dollars for the cow. Of course Aunt Rhinocolura did not get any of the twenty-eight dollars, for she was merely a contributing member, but she was allowed to buy all the cow steaks she wanted from the butcher at the regular rate. And Reverend Spillgath's bill for damage to his apple tree was only twenty-eight dollars.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

By Mary Elizabeth Wilcox

With a drawing by Florence Pretz

WISE men say that there is no custom without a reason, and doubtless they are right in most things. But in the matter of the origin of Saint Valentine's Day, they have been hard put to it to defend their theory, for the saint has nothing to do with lovers or lace-paper.

The truth is that poor old Saint Valentine was the most blameless monk that ever wore a hair shirt and muttered "Memento mori" when he met a maiden in the lane. He was no Fra Lippo, to sing "Flower o' the clove, All the Latin I construe is Amo, I love!" He wrote no love songs. He made eyes at neither Virgilia nor Marcia. When Parnesia held up her dress as she waded the brook, he crossed himself and turned away from the glimpse of her rosy heels. He meditated on the works of God, and stood fast to the faith when Emperor Claudius' mailed Christian-catchers were abroad; and when they cast the good bishop into prison at last, he healed his jailer's daughter of blindness, wherefore he lost his life, and was translated into the Saint's Calendar. There is a gate in Rome that once was named Porto Valentini in his honor. Men say that he married many couples in his lifetime, but this is only the ghost of a ghost of a legend, and ill accords with the pious and severe character of the Bishop of Rome.

There is another Valentine laying claim to the title of saint, but he is noted for nothing but having healed a man of an epilepsy, and choking to death on a fishbone, so he is a bad second to his Roman namesake. Unless the saints are wiser in paradise than they were on eatrh, lovers' honors would probably be greeted with considerable surprise and grim disapproval by both of the reverend gentlemen.

However that may be, the name survives, in spite of invidious etymologists who derive "valentine" from "galantin," which is Norman-French for "masher," and anyhow, perhaps the old saints are wise enough now to accept their reputation with good

grace, and smile at the follies committed in their name. Charles Lamb says so, and certainly gentle, friendly, quizzical, kindly Charles Lamb ought to know if anybody does. Far be it from us to shake reflective heads at the spectacle of swain and nymph oblivious of all the world in each other's eyes, for truly "the magic of first love is ignorance that it will ever end," and we are no disillusioning cynics, thank Heaven.

But the sprouting saints of the early Christian church were not so tolerant. The Lupercalia had been held about February fifteenth for many years, honoring Juno Februata and the sylvan god Pan. Names of lads and maidens had been shaken up in a box, drawn, and partners matched for the succeeding revels, since the memory of the Romans. The old Roman gambols were—well, unchristian, to say the least, and the clergy fought hard against them. For a while they tried the scheme of shaking up the names of the saints, instead of the pretty cognomens of the girls, and letting everybody draw a saint, whose life the drawer was supposed to emulate for the rest of the year. It's no great wonder that this brilliant idea of the persecuted, scarred, serious bishops did not appeal to the red-lipped lads of Italy. Ghostly partners in heaven did not attract them. They wanted rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and flying tresses, and a light foot in the dance, and a quick answer on the tongue—something with more of the sparkle of the old Eve in it—and the saints found themselves wallflowers along the battlements of the golden city. Ah, the scheme was a sad failure, and in spite of priest and sage the young folks paired off as of old. Even as late as the sixteenth century, St. Francis de Sales tried his best to stamp out Valentine's feast, and unsuccessfully.

Not long after this, the custom is noted in England. John Lydgate wrote in praise of Catherine, Queen of Henry V., the quaint old verses:

St. Valentine of custom yeere by yeere
Men have a usuance in this regioun
To looke and searche Cupid's kalendor
And choose theyre choyse by great affecioun
Soche as ben move with Cupid's mocioun
Takynge theyre choyse as theyre sorte doth falle
But I love one that excelleth all.

Valentines went through the post to their blushing recipients, and the rhyme that every school-boy knows:

The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you!

decorated many a missive. Curiously enough, this jingle was printed under old woodcuts fearfully and wonderfully drawn and colored. A magnificent gentleman in lavender trousers, blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and crimson tie was represented seated in an arbor with a lady before whose splendor even the lilies of the field paled into hopeless insignificance. But our great-grandmothers were doubtless as deeply delighted with these monstrosities as Gladys to-day over her dainty confection imported from Paris; and tucked them against wildly beating hearts, much as Gladys slips her love-letters inside her tailored shirt-waist,—ah, those love-letters!—so vital to her, so ordinary to everyone else.

Another custom prevalent in England was that of challenging your valentine. Maids going forth on Saint Valentine's Day and meeting a lad, could say to him, "Good-morrow, Valentine!" and the poor lad must serve, will-he, nill-he, and give his Mistress Impudence a pair of gloves to boot. Ophelia's song refers to this custom.

Good-morrow, it is Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your valentine.

A sure receipt for forecasting your truelove was to look down the well on St. Valentine's Eve to see your sweetheart—and surely this ought often to come true, if properly managed. Another method was to pin five bay-leaves on your pillow, one at each corner and one in the middle, and you will without question dream of your sweetheart.

Birds are supposed to choose their mates for the year upon St. Valentine's Day, and many are the superstition

regarding them in this connection. In fact, there is carefully set down in the old books a full list of birds presaging whom maids will marry. Should Phyllis, out a-walking on St. Valentine's morning, meet a red-breast, she will follow her love to the beat of the drum. A bunting signifies a sailor husband; a goldfinch, a millionaire; a yellowbird, a rich man; a sparrow, love in a cottage; a bluebird, poverty; a crossbill, a scolding man; a flock of doves, good luck and many sweethearts; and a wryneck fates the unfortunate damsel beholding it to an old maid's existence and the company of her cat.

The yellow crocus is Saint Valentine's flower, and if you go for a walk on this day, you must be sure to wear one of the little blossoms, for it will bring you good luck, and ward off evil in love. Daffodils are also good luck on St. Valentine's Day—

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

After the post made written or printed valentines popular, books of valentine verses were issued, giving sentiments appropriate to all trades, wherein the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker could all find something to sing the praises of their sweetheart while at the same time advertising their wares. Some of these are very curious. The butcher tempts his Sacharissa to share his joints and sweetbreads with him; the baker urges:

Since with me thou'lt be sure of loaves a-plenty,
Come marry me, my sweet-and-twenty!

The cobbler invites his lady to tack herself to him. If Sam Weller had only known of these convenient treasuries, how much easier he would have found the task of composing a "valentine" to "Mary, Housemaid, at Magistrate Peter Nupkin's, Ipswich."

In our own day, it is easy to find valentine verses. Nearly all the poets have tried their hand at valentine verses at some time or other, and there are endless quotations that can be wrenched from their original setting to decorate our own offerings. Says Phebe: "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

If you have missed Eugene Field's "A Valentine" you have lost something so good that I am going to quote it in full:

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell
I love her well!
Yes, though she tramples on my heart,
And rends that bleeding thing apart;
And though she rolls a scornful eye
On doting me when I go by;

And though she scouts at everything
As tribute unto her I bring—
Apple, banana, caramel—
Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell
In spite of all, I love her well!
And further say I have a sled
Cushioned in blue and painted red!
The groceryman has promised I
Can hitch whenever he goes by—
Go tell her that, and furthermore,
Apprise my sweetheart that a score
Of other little girls implore
The boon of riding on that sled
Painted and hitched, as aforesaid—
And tell her, Cupid, only she
Shall ride upon that sled with me!
Tell her this all, and further tell
I love her well!

Doesn't that bring back your school-days, and the rustle of excitement that preceded St. Valentine's Day; the eager groups of petticoats and pig-tails in the corner of the school-room; the shy and red-faced boys buying valentines at the corner drug-store under cover of dusk; the lace-paper and the German cologne that exhaled from those marvellous pink hearts and turtle-doves on your own first valentine? Et ego in Arcadia—I certainly too did once inhabit Arcady.

The symbols of St. Valentine's Day are few: the bleeding heart transfixed with an arrow, the crocus, the daffodil, the homing pigeon with the letter, the pussy-willow, sometimes the yellow tulip and the flight of migrant swallows returning home to nest again with the spring. These are all, but what maid will be critical of the art if the sentiments appeal to her fancy? Artists of valentines need no more.

And finally, from the little essay on White Heather; listen to the words of the ancient Scottish lady:

"And you will remember that love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, or a madness of desire—oh no, love is not that—it is goodness and honour, and peace, and pure living—yes, love is that; and it is the best thing in the world; and the thing that lives longest. And that is what I am wishing for you and yours with this bit of white heather."

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, Chevalier Charles d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne, who finds a way to meet the interest and foil Magniff's vengeance. Charles and Anne are formally betrothed and get her bonds from the elder Magniff's safe. Among them is the draft of an important treaty stolen from Charles in London, and both he and Anne are thrown into prison as traitors. Magniff brings Madame Zeuxis, wife of his son's confederate, to testify to Anne's guilt, but instead she testifies that the younger Magniff and her husband stole the treaty, intending to throw the guilt on the Chevalier. Anne forces the elder Magniff to obtain her release and determines to fly to Corsica in Charles's aeroplane to bring back Zeuxis and by his evidence free the Chevalier.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"You will make Charles a good wife, my dear," said his mother, kissing me. "Would that we could have a finer inheritance for him. Clichy must go—but at least the family will be perpetuated."

"It is fate brought you to us," said the old Comte. He had grown even feebler during the brief interval of my absence, it seemed to me; the shock had told perceptibly upon him. "It is fate brought you to us," he repeated, "to be the consolation of my old age and the hope of the d'Yves."

Then we began talking of Charles, and, as briefly as possible, since there was no time for emotion, I laid bare the story of our arrest, placing special emphasis upon the fact that the conspiracy was breaking down.

And then I laid before them the plan that I had formed, of flying to Scouto, and, to my astonishment, they both fell in with it immediately. But, though I could never doubt their love for me, their eagerness for my safety, the family, as ever in France, ranked paramount in their eyes. It seems strange now, as I look back on it, this persistent clinging of theirs to the old forms and duties of past ages in face of

modern change. But it did not seem strange then.

"You have flown in England," said the old Comte enthusiastically, "and here the winds are no less favorable. Your act will be no more, in its peculiar way, than other women of our line have done. It is not for Charles alone that you will offer up your life to the gods of the air, Anne, but for the race, for the long line of the d'Yves. And I know that you will succeed. God has not sent you to us in so miraculous a way, and guarded you through such great dangers, that you should fail now. You will return at the appointed time," he continued, his eyes flashing as he paced up and down the room, "and you will save Charles from the hands of his enemies. The battle has been long —but it has been shorter than the wars of the Fronde. We have suffered much —but Richelieu persecuted us more harshly, and yet Clichy has never fallen. I almost believe," he ended, "that you will live to inherit Clichy and to restore its fortunes, and hand it down to our descendants."

But when I urged that I should start that night neither would hear of it.

"To-morrow at dawn," said the practical mother of Charles. "What you would gain in time you would lose in strength. You must conserve your energies. Now we will have supper, and afterward we will discuss our plans."

I had stopped to purchase a map before returning, and after the meal we opened it and pored over it. My first course, on the morrow, we estimated, would pass through Troyes and end at Dijon, where I should replenish my gasoline tank and stay over night. Sunday would see me through Lyon and along the Rhone to Avignon. Thence, on the Monday, I should strike east over the Basses-Alpes and the Alpes Maritimes to Monaco; and on the Tuesday there would be the perilous sea flight of two hundred odd miles to Corsica, and along the coast for fifty miles to Scouto. At best, I could reach Scouto by Tuesday evening; and this would leave me but a single day of four and twenty hours in which to persuade Zeuxis to return with me.

That night I went out to the shed in which the monoplane rested and looked at her. For one instant, as I gazed, a terrible fear overcame me. Next moment something of the brave spirit of the machine entered into my heart and inspired me with its own power. There she floated, as it almost seemed, so strong and yet so graceful, with her enormous spread of wings outstretched beneath the roof of the hangar. I took my seat, and at once the memory of her control came back to me. I placed my hands upon the levers, and to each slightest touch the mechanism responded. I tested the motor; it worked admirably. After I was satisfied I descended and bade the ancient servant fill the tank with gasoline. There was nothing to do now until the morning.

A letter had come for me from Canada, having been forwarded from London. I glanced at the superscription without enthusiasm and tore open the envelope. It was from Mary Jenner, and dated from Winnipeg three weeks before. The weather had been stifling, she wrote, but, thank heaven, the school term was ended. A party of the teachers was going to Europe, including herself and Mr. Spratt, whom she characterized as an "odious little persecutor." Mary intimated that he had transferred his volatile affections from myself to her, and that she detested him. She hoped that I had met my kinsmen and had gone to visit them at the chateau, and hoped to see me soon—perhaps sooner than I expected, were the words she used.

But Mary Jenner, with whom I had cooked so many midnight suppers in our tiny apartment, and sworn undying friendship, was the least of my thoughts just now.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLIGHT TO CORSICA

In which I ride the monoplane again, with divers adventures by the way.

To fly from Paris to an island off the coast of Corsica, there search for an unwilling witness, and bring him home with me within ten days, was not an adventure that could be regarded light-

ly. It is small wonder, then, that my sleep on that eventful Friday night was a troubled one. In the brief intervals of unconsciousness that I enjoyed I seemed to be perpetually riding through the air, like a witch on a broomstick, while behind me thundered legions of the damned, shrieking in the zest of the chase. And one demon, with the head and leering features of Leopold Magniff, headed me off, forced me out of my course, while below I saw Charles writhing in bonds, crying to me appealingly—and always helplessly. When I awoke for the last time toward dawn it was to find Charles's mother standing beside me in her dressing robe.

"It is time to prepare for your journey, dear," she whispered.

I dressed hastily and joined her and the old Comte below. None of us had much appetite for breakfast. It was an eerie sensation, sitting there in the first rays of the rising sun, in the perfect stillness of a Normandy morning, knowing that the lives of Charles and our grandfather and the future of our historic house hung upon so slender and desperate a chance as that which I was to undertake.

After breakfast we went out to the hangar. The faithful old servant, assisted by the valet, had wheeled the great monoplane out upon the dewy lawn. Charles's mother had prepared a small package containing some food in case of emergency, and I had a handbag with a few of the essentials of a journey. These were stowed away in the tiny compartment behind the seat. The tank was already filled with gasoline and the motor, when tested, responded admirably. All was in readiness.

My grandfather and Charles's mother embraced me quietly; the undertaking was too serious a one for the display of any surface emotion. I kissed them, and entering the machine took my seat. I looked back. The old chateau, gray and ghostly in the early morning, seemed replete with history, and every single window was, in my imagination, filled with the forms of earlier owners; great lords and fair ladies who had played each his or her part in the history of Clichy and left the scene. Something of the sense of this continuity made my surroundings singularly unreal. The Comte and Charles's mother seemed now hardly more than phantoms upon a ghostly stage in a mysterious setting. But such fancies were morbid. I turned my face resolutely away and started the motor. I felt the wheels revolve and take the soft sod under me; there was a moment of swift gliding, and the ground shot from beneath me.

I pressed the lever that controlled the rudder and flew upward. Now I was cool and calm as though this were the flight of an experienced aeronaut. I was, in thought, again flying with Charles in the English aviation meeting. Right and left the monoplane turned at my insistence, skimming the soft airs lightly as a swallow. I rose above the tops of the old elms and circled the grounds. Once, twice I made this course, and then, rising to two hundred feet, shot straight as a bee eastward toward Paris.

Towns and villages unrolled themselves beneath me as I sped over the fair panorama of northern France. I kept an altitude of about four hundred feet; in this manner I was enabled to travel by the bright ribbons of the railway line, clearly perceptible below me, and, at the same time, to escape any too intimate contact with the denizens of the district; for above all things I wished to avoid awakening curiosity as to my identity and destination. Several times a railroad train, unrolling like a caterpillar out of the ground, swept past me; twice, too, I outraced trains Paris bound. The machine seemed like a sentient thing. I no longer wondered that we had beaten all our competitors in London, for we seemed so to harmonize that we were no longer twain; I was an aerial centaur, and this mechanism of steel and aluminum was part of me.

After an hour and a half a dark blur beginning to spread over the horizon told me that I was approaching Paris. I had resolved not to fly over the capital lest some too adventurous newspaper should send out its aeroplane correspondent in search of me. One thing I longed for greatly—a newspaper, that

I might learn how Charles fared, what was the latest news of the trial, and whether the flight that I was to make had yet become public knowledge. But I overcame my longing and, wheeling in a south-easterly direction, mounted to an altitude of a thousand feet and shot over the green tracery of the Bois, which from that height appeared exactly like a field of corn in tassel, set on an indistinguishable brown background. At this height, though it was July, the air was crisp and keen, the wind sang past my ears, every sense tingled with exuberance. I must save Charles! Now it was impossible no longer; no longer dangerous, even. I flashed over the poplar-lined roads of the environs, and, gradually descending to a height of four hundred feet again, made my way along the highway in the direction of Troyes, where I descended at noon in a large field to lunch and to inspect my motor.

Everything was satisfactory. I stepped out, a little cramped, and, lying upon a bank of softest turf, snatched a few morsels of bread and cheese, washing them down with a draught of clearest spring water from a rill near by. The sight of the great bird had already aroused the interest of the neighborhood, and I knew that my sojourn must be a brief one. In fact, hardly had I rinsed my hands after my meal when the advance guard of the rustic population came running up in the shape of a farmer's boy, who, seeing me, threw up his hands in dumbfounded amazement, stuttering:

"It's a woman! Holy Virgin, a woman!"

Seeing that a little group was moving over the brow of the hill, and not wishing to communicate anything of my purpose or identity, I entered the machine again and started the motor. As the wheels revolved they shouted and ran forward threateningly, their first impulse, after fear, being hate—a phenomenon common everywhere among the unintelligent. For a moment I feared that the long grass would hold my flight; then, just as the first came panting up, the monoplane rose, almost sweeping him from his feet with the whir of its mighty wings. I heard cries of anger beneath me. I looked down and waved my hand. What were these boors to me when Charles's honor and liberty were at stake! Charles! The wind sang his name through the steel stays, the motor hummed it. I was high in air once more, sweeping along the great, white, dusty road toward Dijon.

The sun sank lower, the air grew keener yet; clouds rolling up gave promise of a storm. I planned to pass the town and rest at some wayside village after dusk, leaving my aeroplane in charge of some friendly farmer sufficiently removed from the center of news to prevent the disclosure of my identity. All these plans I carried out well. Night saw me some leagues in advance of Dijon, and resting in a field recently mown, surrounded by gaping but not malignant rustics. A liberal sum sealed the fountains of their perpetual questioning, and by the promise of further reward in the morning I induced my host to drive into the town and bring me back a fresh supply of gasoline, without arousing curiosity. Then I supped, and, turning into a bed of softest down, slept like a log till daybreak.

Sunday was a repetition of the day before. Long before noon I had crossed Lyon and was following the broad valley of the Rhone. Avignon was to be my destination; but here my plans miscarried. For, as I approached the city at a height of three hundred feet, well before dusk, a few misses of my motor warned me that it was clogging, just as it had done in England, and I volplaned swiftly to the ground to avoid misfortune, landing in the exact center of a populous residential square, where in no time I was surrounded by a dense crowd of Provencals, cheering and mobbing me and acclaiming me by name. They climbed into the monoplane, they thrust out their hands toward me, and one held up before my eyes the latest copy of the "Petit Journal". There, covering a whole page, I saw an atrociously drawn presentation of myself in the monoplane, and underneath, in huge letters of black, the words: "The Woman Spy, Flying Over Dijon".

As I was growing desperate a couple of gendarmes forced their way through the crowd to me.

"Mademoiselle," said one, respectfully, "you may not proceed further. We have orders from the Minister of the Interior to detain you."

For a moment I was stunned with horror. Then an idea came to me. I made no answer, but set to work with all speed in the adjusting of my motor. Whatever might happen, it was essential that the monoplane should be in order, ready for action.

"The instructions are," the gendarme continued, "that Mademoiselle shall remain at liberty in Avignon pending further orders. The aeroplane——"

"Yes, Monsieur?" I answered carelessly, while my heart throbbed horribly. It seemed too terrible to be true. But at any cost I must appear to acquiesce.

"Understand, Mademoiselle, you are not under arrest," he continued. "It is merely that the Minister of the Interior has issued an order forbidding ladies to fly, owing to the dangers."

"You spoke of the monoplane," I answered, smiling. "What is to be done with it? For myself," I added, "I am really tired of flying. I shall not continue my journey to Marseilles."

"To Marseilles?" cried the gendarme, scratching his head. "Why, Mademoiselle, the 'Petit Parisien' says—" he hesitated.

"That you are on your way to join your lover in Italy, there to be married in the clouds," put in the other.

I breathed more freely. Evidently the real purpose of my journey was not yet known.

"The aeroplane——" I persisted.

"Peste! What are we to do with the aeroplane?" said his companion. "There were no instructions."

"Let me make a suggestion," I answered suavely. "Suppose I take it to pieces here and have it conveyed to the police station."

"Excellent," answered the second gendarme heartily. "But," he added, as I climbed into the seat, "you will not fly away, Mademoiselle?"

I laughed. "What an idea!" I exclaimed. "But first I must fill up the tank with gasoline; otherwise it would be liable to explode. The conflict between centripetal and centrifugal force, caused by the expansion of gases, would annihilate the mechanism and cause serious tangental peribolas," I continued gravely.

The gendarme scratched his head. "Undoubtedly, Mademoiselle," he answered. "There is a motor-car repair shop across the square. Certainly gasoline can be procured there."

A man in the crowd volunteered to obtain it and disappeared, shortly returning with a companion, both bearing two huge tanks, with which my own was speedily repleted. I took my seat in the machine.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, "pray make room while I unscrew the sustaining bar of the wings."

They cleared a space of several yards around me, these good Avignonese. I touched the lever and the motor hummed and throbbed. I pressedthe flight indicator. The wheels turned, spun, lifted

A gasp of astonishment broke from the crowd as I soared over them, and they ducked and ran in all directions to escape injury. My course was wild; I missed the steeple of an old church by several inches, scraped against the pediment of an ancient Roman edifice, and sped up to the sky. I looked back as I cleared the housetops. The two gendarmes were waving their hands at me imploringly. I hated to leave them. But the memory of my mission came to me to spur me on, and I flew like the wind. Soon Avignon was but a blot in the distance.

That night I slept under a tree in the wild mountain region of the Basses-Alpes. At dawn I continued my course directly eastward. Now no sign of human habitation was to be seen. There was nothing but ranges of lofty mountains. The cold became intense, and the air currents treacherous. Time and again I was caught in gusts of icy wind, beaten, buffeted out of my path. Over me the sky was of intensest blue; round and beneath me lay the icy summits of the Alps. My teeth chattered and my hands grew so cold that I could scarcely feel the levers. Nothing but

the intensity of my purpose could have enabled me to face that bitter wind.

At last, toward afternoon, just as I began to think that I had missed my path, when I felt that I could hold out no longer, I perceived, very far southward, a long, blue, monotonous line on the horizon. My heart leaped, a new and feverish determination entered into me. It was the sea, the blue water of the Mediterranean, that lay before my eyes. Now the last stage was approaching. So far I had conquered!

I wheeled southward and began to descend the long valleys of the Maritime Alps.

The air grew warmer, the descent more precipitous; I glided downward on the rushing winds exultingly, and ever nearer I saw the distant sea, until the narrowing horizon shut it once more from view. But when I left the last of the snow-capped ranges behind me the sun suddenly sank and I entered a region of twilight. It had been dark for an hour upon the lowlands while I was battling in the sunlight. The night was moonless; I must alight before it grew entirely dark or run the risk of falling into the sea. Out of the mountainside I saw the white road, the great highway between France and Italy, centuries old, debouched upon its way to Nice, whence it wound through the Principality of Monaco. Clearly I must descend there, where French laws did not run, and where the Minister of the Interior, actuated, I did not doubt, by interests inimical to mine, could not arrest my journey. In the failing light I saw of a sudden the little square-topped building of the French customs house on the Monaco border, and the Monaco customs, not a dozen metres distant. I made for the latter, shut off my motor and careened earthward. As I descended, like a great, soaring eagle, I saw men run from either building, shouting and waving their arms at me—their cries reached me with surprising clearness. I dropped to earth, hit the ground on the French side of the line, and rolled half into Monaco, to tumble, exhausted, from my aeroplane.

It was easy to see that I was squarely upon the international boundary. But my apprehensions were groundless, for nothing could have exceeded the kindness with which I was treated by the officials from either customs. Their first surprise over, they placed the quarters of the French officer at my disposal, and thither I adjourned for a hasty toilet, leaving the monoplane the center of interest. Seeing my weariness, they scarcely pressed a question upon me, and when, thinking always of the future, I pointed out the deficiency in the gasoline, the French officials promptly filled the tank with confiscated petrol from their contraband stores. Afterward I was the guest at an informal supper, to which the men from either side of the border invited themselves.

"Without doubt Mademoiselle is on her way to Turin to compete in the international meeting there," suggested the French official.

I acknowledged this false presumption with a bow.

"Mademoiselle will remain here and rest to-morrow?" he continued hopefully. "It is not often that ladies honor us with their presence, and those few whom we see are, unfortunately, much prejudiced against us."

"Against you, Monsieur?" I asked. "Impossible!"

He smiled and twirled his mustache jauntily. "Unfortunately," he murmured, "it is so often our painful duty to detain their baggage."

"They show poor taste," I answered. "But now, Monsieur, I shall withdraw, having traveled all the way from Avignon since morning."

He started and stared at me in unbelief. "From Avignon?" he exclaimed. "Then Mademoiselle must have crossed the Alps in her machine. No, no, impossible. None but Chavez has done it—and his fate was horrible!"

I saw at once the falseness of the move I had made in mentioning Avignon. If he should send a telegram to that city my cause was lost. Mortified, I muttered some excuses and withdrew to toss uneasily upon my bed for hours until I slept heavily from exhaustion.

When I awoke in the morning a presentiment of evil to come oppressed my spirits. From the window of my

room I glanced out upon the surrounding country. The guard-house was placed on a high hill, though it had appeared a level plain to me the night before, in comparison with those mountainous heights. Far under me I could see the fertile, thickly populated valleys of the coast; in the distance gleamed the magnificent building of the Monte Carlo gambling hall; and in front of it, beating against a curbing shore, were the sky-blue waters of the Mediterranean. Seeing it I took courage again. Let me but once get free, as I had freed myself from greater dangers, and nothing could stop me till I reached Corsica.

Yet the presentiment of evil remained with me and sprang into new life when, after a hasty breakfast, consisting of coffee and rolls, which was brought to me by the wife of one of the men, I met the French officer, looking glum and fluttering a telegraphic dispatch in his hand.

"Mademoiselle d'Yves," he began, after the most formal greeting, "I regret to say that I have received instructions from the Minister of the Interior to detain——"

I did not wait for him to conclude his speech but skipped lightly across the Monaco boundary line, two meters away. The Monaco officials came out of their buildings and clapped their hands enthusiastically. It was evident that they had heard the news and looked for a pretty comedy, in which their part would be the rescue of a distressed maiden.

"Yes, Monsieur?" I continued demurely.

"To detain your monoplane," he continued, indicating the great bird, lying prostrate beside the road, as though it would never rise again.

"On what charge?" I asked icily.

"There is no charge," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "It is the order."

"Hm!" I said. "Monsieur le capitaine, I begin to understand why the ladies dislike you."

"But what can I do?" he demanded, coming toward me with a deprecating action of the hands.

"Why, Monsieur, being in Monaco, I demand the protection of this gentleman," I said, pointing to the other captain, who advanced instinctively, his arms outspread as though to ward from me some threatening violence.

AFTER BREAKFAST I WENT OUT TO THE HANGAR, FEELING THAT THE [illegible] AND DESPERATE CHANCE I WAS ABOUT [illegible]

"But you are not threatened, Mademoiselle," said the French captain. "It is merely a temporary detention of the aeroplane. A little adjustment, if you like. I do not know what motive influences the Minister. If you had denied your name——"

That touched my pride. He winced under the words that flowed spontaneously from my tongue, derogatory as they were toward the gallantry of the French nation.

"And in any event," I added, "the monoplane, being half in the territory of Monaco, does not come under your supervision."

The mask of politeness fell from his manner. He answered roughly;

"The part that is here stays, Mademoiselle".

"And your part?" I said, turning to the Monaco officer.

"It goes, Mademoiselle," he answered readily.

"In that case," I said, "you will permit me to take my seat on the part of the mechanism which is in your country."

"By all means, Mademoiselle," he answered.

"You cannot divide an aeroplane," cried the Frenchman rudely. "If you do, it shall be with an axe."

"If you will permit one of your men to draw a line between the two boundary pillars," I hazarded to the Monaco captain.

He caught at the idea. He ran forward and, with his toe, drew a fairly straight line in the dust. "The machine lies more than half across the border," he cried.

"And the motor wholly," I whispered.

He was intelligent, this Monaco officer. He fairly beamed on me as I seated myself. The French captain, beside himself with anger, ran forward and placed his hands firmly around the girders that covered French territory. "Stir at your peril!" he shouted.

"O, Monsieur," I said reproachfully, "this is an unpleasant ending to your hospitality. And after what you said last night!"

"Pray descend, Mademoiselle," he entreated. "It is an order. Do not hold me responsible."

I started the motor and the wheels shot forward. Next moment the Frenchman was rolling down the steep bank of the ditch, while his confreres held their sides, helpless with laughter. Another instant and I was rising, hovering—and over French territory! I circled the guard house, and then, with a sudden access of speed, shot forward. I turned and waved my hand, narrowly escaping a somersault through the air as I did so.

"Adieu, Mademoiselle," shouted the Monaco officer, and then I saw the Frenchman rise painfully from the ditch and heard him give utterance to the most exuberantly free flow of language that I have ever heard upon a Frenchman's lips. Positively I could could not stay to listen to it. So I turned on the speed to the full extent, shot like an arrow upward, spun over the gambling halls, to the intense astonishment of the pigmies beneath me, and a moment later heard the splash of the Mediterranean billows upon the rocky shore of Monte Carlo.

Straight out to sea I flew, guiding my course by the new eastern sun, until the land was only a low line behind me. And presently even that failed. Now nothing was visible but the broad expanse of the ocean. Here and there, rising and falling like a cork upon the waters, I saw a tiny steamship, no bigger than a toy boat. And even these disappeared at last, leaving me alone with the sun and the sea and the wheeling gulls.

Hour after hour went by. Upon a favoring wind I sped, ever southward, while behind me the busy motor hummed and sang. "Charles! Charles!" That was its refrain. I thought of the incredible dangers that I had passed. Now the journey was almost ended, and there was little more to overcome. I swooped lower, until I almost skimmed the surface of the waters, taking sheer pleasure in the splash of the spray and the undulating waves that rose and fell as far as the eye could stretch in every direction. As the sun neared the zenith I changed my course, little by little, until I flew immediately toward it. In the midst of my exulta-

tion, however, suddenly an awful thought occurred to me.

"What if I should miss Corsica!"

It sobered me. Heaven help me then, for I should fly straight southward until I reached Africa or fell into the sea. And after night a straight, an even comparatively straight, course would be impossible. For Corsica is so narrow and so thin, and, though distances on the map look small, maps help but little when one flies alone without a landmark.

The sun crossed the zenith and blazed in the west. Now I changed my course little by little, until the sun was on my right hand. By four o'clock I should have sighted Corsica; by six I must reach Scouto, for twilight would then be approaching. The sun began perceptibly to decline. It was half way down in the sky. And still no sight of land!

Another thought now came to mind for the first time and added to my fears. What if Zeuxis should, after all, refuse to return with me? And, further, what if the added weight impeded the aeroplane!

But I forced these thoughts from me and strove desperately forward, as though by sheer effort of mentality I could add to the speed of the insensate mechanism. It must be four o'clock. Another half hour passed—an hour. The sea was changing from blue to black; in the northeast heavy thunderclouds were looming up. I did not dare think now. My brain whirled, the heavens appeared to spin; the sun, like a fiery Cyclopean eye, drew near to the horizon. That eye would close; and then—good-night to life and all my hopes for Charles.

For my own life I cared nothing, but the thought of what would befall him was a torment. It sent the blood coursing furiously through my veins and my heart hammered like a hammer of doom. Six o'clock!—for the sun dipped and its fiery edge touched the water-line. There, immeasurably expanded in apparent size, it hid itself behind the murky clouds and seemed to leer horribly at me on its passage into the depths of ocean. I was hopelessly lost now. I could only shape my course mechanically southward. But where was I? I stared out over the pitch-black waters, stirring restlessly beneath the rising wind. One hour more, perhaps a little longer, and then— —

My hands ached, my body ached, and an insurmountable lassitude weighed down my eyelids. Involuntarily I closed them for an instant. Then opening them, I cried out with joy.

For far in the distance I saw the tiniest blur of brown upon the face of the sea. It was so far to port that, had I not closed my eyes and so relieved them from the strain of gazing over the sea, I should never have seen it.

But as the sun's rim dipped under the sea I coursed over a high and rock-bound shore toward a white little town set on a hill. I dropped into the market square, and from the houses men came running up, shouting in some unintelligible speech. When the machine rested they ventured near and formed a circle round me at a respectful distance, crossing themselves and staring in amazement.

"Where am I?" I demanded in almost all that I knew of Italian.

One hero strutted toward me, tossing back his long cloak, and answered:

"Scouto."

I had flown all along the coast of Corsica, to land, by some most fortunate coincidence of fate, at the precise locality of my destination!

But the coincidence was greater than that alone. For, as I stared into the man's face I recognized—Zeuxis!

He knew me too, and began trembling at the knees. Then, with a wild cry, he fell face down upon the stones. Small wonder when, deeming himself secure, he saw me swoop out of the skies to drag him from his living-place.

CHAPTER X.

MINE ENEMY IMPERATIVE

A war of wits, in which I learn that I am very much married indeed.

I STEPPED briskly out of my aeroplane and walked over to Zeuxis, who still crouched abjectly before me. As I advanced the superstitious Corsicans gave way again and retreated before

me, running in all directions in fear of my supposedly supernatural descent from the realms of the heavens. Small wonder; this was the first aeroplane that had ever entered the island. To them I must have appeared none other than some saint, made manifest out of the clouds.

The sight of Zeuxis unnerved me, but for a moment only. At all costs I must keep the dominance that I had won. But six and thirty hours remained at most before I must begin my return flight to France; and during that brief time I must obtain the bonds from him, and then, by hook or crook, so work upon his mind that he would consent to brave the perils of the return flight with me, to give that evidence which would save Charles from the ignominious fate of a traitor.

I stepped toward him and touched him on the shoulder. "Get up!" I said. Then, as he obeyed, like a man dazed, I added in louder tones so that the listening Corsicans might hear:

"Have you not hospitality enough to offer shelter to such an old friend as I?"

"Yes, yes, Mademoiselle," he stammered. "Permit me to conduct you to my house. It is but a poor one—not such as you have been used to—but, if you will condescend, lady——"

"Lead the way!" I answered, stifling a desperate inclination to burst into hysterical laughter. As Zeuxis dragged himself along the straggling road, I at his elbow, and the villagers following at a respectful distance, I cast a glance backward to the aeroplane. I did not like to leave it there. But where else could I take it? I felt confident that superstition would restrain any of the inhabitants of Scouto from laying hands upon it, and then perforce dismissed the matter from my mind. At the very end of the road we turned into a small cottage, a peasant's hovel, containing but two rooms, yet not uncomfortably furnished in their primitive fashion. A tallow candle was burning upon a small table. At the door a dark-browed woman stood and glared sullenly at me before stepping aside and permitting me to enter.

I knew whom she must be. This was the woman for whose sake the Greek spy had deserted his wife in Paris, the woman of whom Mme. Zeuxis had told me.

"You—you will eat, Mademoiselle?" faltered my involuntary host.

Indeed I would, for I was famishing. At a few words from Zeuxis the woman stepped into the kitchen, returning with a bowl of curdled goat's milk, a dish of black beans and some rye bread, which she placed before me on the table. I made a hearty meal. When I looked up at last, satisfied, a throng of Corsicans was gathered around the door.

I advanced to the threshold. "Begone!" I cried, in Italian. They scuttled away like hares. Zeuxis and I were alone together again, the woman having sullenly retired into the kitchen after removing the remains of the repast I closed the door and began speaking in French to him.

"You know why I have come?" I demanded.

"Signorina—Mademoiselle, have mercy," he pleaded. "You will not betray me? All the spies of France are on my track. I have repented, truly. I have burned eighteen candles before the shrine of St. Christopher; I have——"

I cut him short.

"Do you know," I began, "that an innocent man stands in danger of being convicted of having sold the treaty?"

He nodded. "Let him suffer," he answered. "That is between himself and Magniff. I was only Magniff's tool. And he betrayed me, the scoundrel!" he continued, gritting his teeth in rage. "But just wait, Mademoiselle. Wait till the spies have forgotten me. Do you know what I shall do? I shall creep back to Paris, so softly that none will know, and I shall draw my sharp knife across Leopold Magniff's throat so—" he imitated the action—"in revenge for the money that he stole from me."

His words gave me the clew that I had been searching for.

To be continued

His Flyer in Chesapeakes

BEING THE STORY OF A DOG, A BARGAIN AND A COMEDY

By L. V. Kelly

THE Man from the East knew he loved shooting. He had read about it and heard about it, and his blood jumped at the thought of the havoc he might be able to do to a flock of ducks, to the admiration and envy of such westerners as he might have the opportunity of telling of his skill. Once when he was very young he had taken the six-foot gun of his uncle and gone into the swamps in old Ontario to shoot snipe. Cautiously creeping through the underbrush he had heard a whirring sound, turned blindly, and pulled the trigger, whereupon a plump partridge dropped in its speedy flight toward a nearby thicket. Thus had the hunting spirit been aroused and fostered in his breast. For many years it had lain dormant, hidden beneath the more active hunt after the elusive and rolling dollar, but now he was in a land where hunting was supposed to be one of the greatest relaxations of the inhabitants, so he wanted to hunt.

"Let's go hunting," he suggested to a native of the west who was endeavoring to do his best toward entertaining the eastern guest.

"All right, but we'll wait until the season opens," responded the westerner. "It opens in two weeks, and I want to show you some of the fishing first."

"Fishing suits me," agreed the eastern person breezily.

So they hired a horse, a buckboard and some tackle, taking to the trail early the following morning.

It was a beautiful morning, with the mosquitoes mostly gone the way of all mosquitoes in early fall, and the Man from the East had nothing to take his thoughts away from himself; so he drew deep breaths of the pure hill air and talked. He spoke of hunting, and the host listened politely, saying nothing excepting an approving or non-committal grunt now and then. He spoke of hunting-dogs and of wonderful shots, of retrievers and training. "I can tell a good dog as far as I can see one," he averred.

The western man continued to drive and listen. He had heard much the same talk from other people. Down a little gulch the trail dipped and then came suddenly upon a shack nestling between two small hills, where he drew up for a feed for the horses. Dogs rushed forth to bark at the newcomers, the door creaked on its wooden hinges, and the owner of the place appeared, dingy of shirt, shaggy of chin, and much soiled as to hands. The Man from the East leaped from the rig, nodded briefly to the unkempt native and scrutinized the dogs with the eye of a self acknowledged expert. He allowed the westerners to unharness the horse and put it up, and when they returned he talked at once of dogs. The settler listened carefully, glanced inquiringly at the westerner, and then remarked:

"I got a pretty fine retriever I'd sell ef ye want one."

"I don't see any retriever," responded the eastern dog expert.

"That's him," replied the settler, pointing to an animal.

"That's no retriever," responded the

eastern man decidedly. "Why, he's got bulldog shoulders, a spaniel coat and the head of a cross between a water spaniel and a bloodhound."

"Pretty dam'fine dogs, them Chesapeakes," inserted his friend, the driver of the rig. The eastern man looked at him and saw he meant it, so he hedged.

"I never saw any Chesapeakes, but I've heard of them. So that's one, eh? Come here, old chap."

He snapped his fingers and the "old chap" came cautiously. He looked at the sturdy body, the thick coat, the white fangs and the broad head.

"Strong enough," he remarked. "Where's he from?"

The settler explained, as truthfully as possible. "Feller came out here huntin' about a year ago an' died of pewmony. He gimme the dog. Best broke dog I ever see."

"Can he retrieve?" asked the interested examiner of the canine treasure.

"I dunno," said the settler, somewhat mystified. "I ain't taught him no tricks, but he kin fetch a duck that has dropped a mile away. Best nose for game I ever saw, an' the water never gives him rheumatiz 'cause he has hotter blood than other dogs."

"What'd ye want for him?" queried the Man from the East.

"Well, now," cogitated the owner aloud, "I've kep' him a year an' fed him. I think about fifteen dollars."

"Well, I guess I'll take him——" began the convinced inquisitor, but here his western friend broke in.

"We won't want him for about ten days, for we won't be back till then, and the season does not open until two weeks from yesterday."

"I'll keep him till then fer ye ef ye want him," volunteered the generous settler.

"Righto, the dog's mine," stated the easterner with quick determination.

They fed oats to the horses, and bannocks, washed down with scalding tea, to themselves. Then they harnessed their steeds and started again, the Man from the East leaving minute directions regarding dog biscuits and careful feeding, to all of which the settler agreed without verbal reservation. The Man from the East was bubbling over with the treatment he had received.

"Talk about generosity," he babbled. "I've heard of western hospitality, but never experienced it before. There's a man who gives me a fifty-dollar dog for fifteen, and then throws in two weeks careful feeding. Down east the mossbacks would charge me a quarter a day for the keep of the animal."

"Are you sure you know a good dog when you see one?" inquired the host of the trip bluntly, evidently feeling it his duty to say something.

"You can't fool me on dogs," vowed the other, somewhat hotly. "Why do you ask? You don't want me to back out and then give you a chance at him, do you?"

The western man made no reply, except to catch a hasty word and change it into a gurgle and a cough. But he made no other attempt to talk on the dog subject, and pretty soon the other man was chatting gaily of hunting and fishing experiences he had met with in the forests of the east. They fished and drove and investigated creeks and springs for nearly a fortnight, then started back from the fishing districts, the Man from the East growing more eager as the days passed and the thoughts of duck shooting grew brighter. As they drew near the cabin of the settler a fearful stench arose and blasted the sweet smell of the wind-smoothed hills. They looked around and the Man from the East swore aloud. Standing with his muzzle buried in a long-dead calf was the retriever he had purchased, eating with the gusto of an exercise-sharpened appetite. The Man from the East clambered down and approached his property, but the property showed shining teeth bared to the red gums and snarled in a realistic manner before it began to walk slowly, with bristling neck, toward him.

"I'll have to take him in hand and show him who's boss," remarked the owner nervously, as he clambered with

haste into the rig. The western man grinned toward the clouds and the dog vanished up the trail.

Anger came to the rescue of the Man from the East.

"Just wait till I see that fellow who sold me the dog," he grimly directed, apropos of his own thoughts. "He's spoiled the animal's temper by letting him run and eat meat." Then he sat in silence, thinking out stinging expressions to apply to the seller of the canine carrier. When they reached the cabin and the owner came out in frank haste to meet them, cheerfully starting to unhook the traces the easterner glared at him.

"That there dog uh yours got away yestiddy an' only jes' come back," he commenced. "I kep' him up an' fed him on milk an' crackers ever since ye left, but yestiddy he broke away an' I never seen him till now."

"We found him eating a decaying calf," said the owner icily. "I fear he's injured. His temper is bad, too. He tried to bite me."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the settler regretfully, glancing first at the calves of the eastern man's legs and then at the westerner.

"Where is he now?" asked the person who had had the narrow escape.

"Chained in the stable."

"I'm going to see him," said the purchaser, dismounting and starting with dignity toward the building referred to.

"Thet dog's the doggondest wolf I ever see," confided the settler to the westerner when the Man from the East had vanished. "Bit a chunk out o' my pants the other day, an' has been feedin' on meat all the time. I think he killed that calf."

"Maybe he'll bite that fellow," suggested the other, showing, nevertheless, very little real anxiety.

"He's all right when he's chained, but he's a wolf when he's loose," declared the unshaven native.

The Man from the East came back leading the brown dog, who was frolicking gambolsomely and begging to be turned loose.

"He knows me already," declared the leader of the beast proudly. "I guess he isn't damaged any. What do I owe you?"

The settler scratched his nose and did some mental arithmetic aloud.

"There's fifteen fer the dog an' two dollars a day fer keepin' him up an' feedin' him. I won't charge you fer yestiddy, fer he was away. That'll make thirty-five even."

The Man from the East stood stiffly for a moment and swallowed hard a couple of times.

"You'll be making fifteen even at that," murmured his western friend in an undertone. "You said he was worth fifty, didn't you?"

The purchaser of the prize swallowed again, and then thrust his hands deep in his pocket, drew forth a wallet, extracted seven five dollar bills and passed them silently to the waiting settler.

"Thanks," he said briefly after clearing his throat. He turned to his western friend and added:

"Guess we won't stay for lunch. I think we can reach town by supper time."

"Just as you say," agreed that agreeable person, and they hooked up again despite the protestations of the man who had the money. Very silently the Man from the East sat in the seat until they were far on the trail, and then he said, as though he had just formed the opinion:

"I believe that fellow was trying to beat me, but he didn't, for the dog's worth fifty. It takes a pretty good man to put it over me." His friend looked at him almost sorrowfully and was silent.

Enthusiasm and optimism, added to a great belief in self, soon drove the thoughts of the episode from the mind of the eastern party. He planned to go shooting the following morning and the other acquiesced; so bright and early they started, the brown dog on the chain, and his master carrying a nice new gun. The duck slough was only about an hour's drive out, so very shortly they were in the long grass and the guns were barking cheerfully. Duck after duck dropped and the dog

made no move except to try and get back toward the higher ground along the bank.

"He's nervous because he doesn't know you," decided the master, speaking to his companion. "You go back on the bank and I'll make him work. I can handle any dog."

The western man very happily did as requested, for he hoped for entertainment. He sat down on a bunch of grass while the dog's master talked persuadingly and coaxingly. From promises of good things the words changed to threats, the threats changed to action. The dog sat as stolid as a brown stump, paying no attention, and not even looking at his instructor. The latter waded into the water a few feet and called; the dog sat back on the chain and refused. The owner returned and stood thinking with his chin in his hand, and the animal looked at him with liquid eyes. Then he took a stick and beat his property with vigor, while the property crouched at his feet and made no outcry, simply looking steadily at his assaulter. Exertion and anger soon tired the chagrined Man from the East, and he bethought himself of his audience, whom he had forgotten, looked up, saw the grinning spectator, and was more angry still.

"I asked you to go back where the dog couldn't see you," he said, very chillily polite. "How do you expect me to teach him anything?"

The spectator rose to his feet and showed no offence.

"Sorry," he said. "I'll get on toward the other slough and you send the dog in when I'm out of sight." Then he walked over the swells of ground until he was out of view, whereupon he crept down a little runway to the long grass and peered at the pair on the bank.

The Man from the East did nothing for a moment; he looked cautiously and carefully around, then tied the retriever to some brush and looked around again. No one was in sight, so he plunged hastily into the slough and waded waist deep after the dead birds, which he brought ashore and threw on the ground. Faintly the watcher could hear his voice.

"You carry one of these for a starter," he said to the dog, and threw one at the animal's nose after unsnapping the leash. Then he turned and walked over the bank toward where the watcher waited. At the summit of the rise he looked back to see his retriever busily engaged in eating the plump bird he had laid before him. This was too much for the easterner, especially so since he had just caught sight of the man in the grass. Enraged beyond control, both from fear of ridicule and simon-pure anger at the dog, he rushed back and kicked the brute in the ribs. The dog turned with a snarling yell and charged. The Man from the East fled with the speed of fear, while his western friend lay helplessly in the grass and almost wept with joy. Through the grass the man and animal sped, one with staring eyes of dread and the other with the intent gaze of rage, both heading for the shouting westerner. Past him galloped the Man from the East, and as he flashed by he begged:

"Do something, can't you? This thing will have me in a minute." The western man reached forth his hand and grasped the dog's collar by mere luck. The Man from the East sped fifty yards further and then stopped after cautiously looking around.

"Got him safe?" he called nervously.

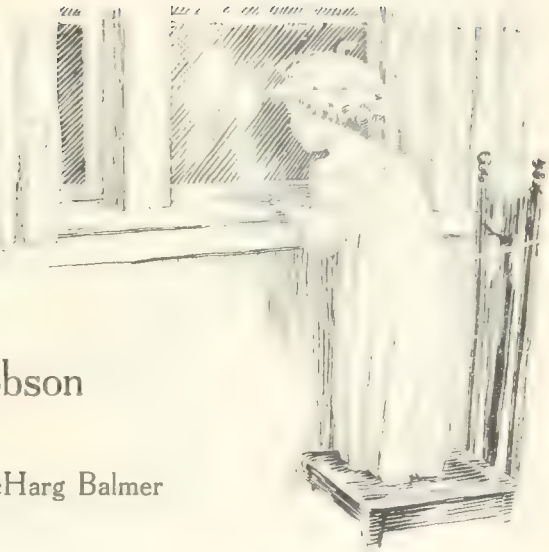
"Safe as a church," chuckled the savior.

"All right! I'm coming back to kill him," gritted the owner.

"And him a fifty-dollar dog!" exclaimed the grinning captor.

"He'll be worth fifty after I kill him," declared the other with deadly calm. "For it will be worth that to me to see him dead."

Crossing of the Ways



By J. A. Dobson

Illustrated by Katherine MacHarg Balmer

BUM settled himself down by the side of his master. They were both tired and the road was hot and dusty. The shade of this one tree by the highway was most grateful.

The man took off his hat and laid it down beside him. As he did so he patted the dog's head.

"Hungry, old fellow?" he said gently.

Bum wagged his tail and pushed his cold nose inside the hand that was caressing him.

The man sighed. He did not mind his own deprivations. He had grown used to them, but when the faithful companion in all his wanderings had to suffer he felt rebellious.

He glanced around. There was not a house in sight, not even a trace of smoke curling up against the blue sky —only this long, dusty road, running beside the newly-plowed fields, told of human occupancy.

He felt in his pockets. Not a crumb. But his fingers touched a small piece of tobacco. Involuntarily he raised it to his lips. The dog saw it, and an eager light came into the half-starved eyes. The man dropped it back, untasted, into his pocket.

"Not a bite, old fellow, unless you share it," he said, again stroking the silky head.

Bum understood and settled himself at the man's feet with an air of submission to which they both had long since grown accustomed. He dropped his head between his paws. Despite his hunger he was tired and sleepy. Already his eyes were blinking at the bits of sunshine that stole through the heavy foliage of the tree. He nodded; then roused himself suddenly and looked at his master. His head was resting against the trunk of the tree. His gaze seemed far, far away. Bum knew that look. It meant silence, deep, profound. So he closed his eyes and wandered into the land of dog dreams.

The man sat still. Over his face, half covered with a stubbly beard, had come the expression of one who sees pictures of the past. It was neither pain, joy nor hope; simply endurance. Fate had proved unkind and had denied him the power to crush out memory.

As he sat there he remembered the story of a man who had lost all recollection of his past. Happy man! He

thought; if only he had been so blessed! But no: it had been his lot to remember and in remembering to suffer.

The dog stirred at his feet. He put down his hand and gently soothed him as though he were a child. The action recalled the time when he had thus quieted his first-born. How well he recalled the day. The sky was blue, the air was soft and mild, the orchard was fragrant with apple blooms, and she stood by his side. She, his wife, honored and loved beyond all women. How fair she was with her hair like spun gold and eyes of Heaven's own hue. She stooped and smiled at the sleeping child, even while she gently chided. Was not the ground too cold for her to lie upon? Was he sure the little rounded limbs were warm? How he laughed at her tender fears, she so young, so lately blessed with maternal cares.

And this happiness lasted five blessed years. How well he remembered when the awakening came. He had been detained by business in town and had telegraphed he would be away all night, but at the usual hour of his return found he was free. He hastened to leave the musty law books and parchments behind him. He ran down the steps of his office like a boy. He threw a ragged little urchin a dollar and his "Gee, boss, I hope you will have as fine a time as I will" fell on his ear like a benediction. He found himself humming a tune on the way to the train, and people whom he passed smiled as they noted the happy look on his face as he strode along, lost in visions of a heavenly home-coming.

Why is it that the direst calamities both of mankind and Nature are preceded by the gayest of moods and sunniest skies? Earthquakes are always heralded by the balmiest air and brightest, warmest skies. Is it necessary to have a contrast to make the ruins and devastation more appalling, the happiness more vivid by the misery that follows?

Yet each hurried step brought him nearer to all that he held dear. For him the future had no fears: he was invulnerable, so he thought, to all the arrows spiteful Fortune might aim.

There was a little delay on the train, and it was just growing dark as he opened the gate to his home. Now for a glad surprise. He stole quietly up to the porch and hushed the noisy greeting Bum would have given him by a friendly grasp on the dog's throat. He heard voices in the darkened parlor. Visitors? His brow clouded a little. Somehow, to-night he wished to be alone with his treasures. He stepped softly to the window and stopped to listen to the voice he loved so well.

"I tell you, Agnes, I loathe, detest him. Oh, if I could only take my child and go away forever!"

"You must be mad, Marion. What fault can you find in your husband? He is kind, devoted. He has surrounded you with every luxury. He is a man of high ideals, of lofty purposes. I know you too well to hint that your thoughts have ever wandered to another——"

"You are right, Agnes. He is all you say. And you are but just when you grant it is no wandering fancy for some one else that makes his presence so distasteful to me. I cannot analyze it myself. But do you know, when I received his telegram telling me he could not come home to-night, I was fairly wild with joy? Wicked as it may sound, I hoped and prayed that in some way he would be prevented from ever returning——"

"Hush, Marion," and the faithful friend's voice was full of indignation, "how can you say such things? You, of all women in the world!"

There was a short silence. The listener outside stood as if paralyzed. Had he heard aright? Was he not dreaming? But even as he questioned thus in a dull, stunned way, the cold, sweet voice went on.

"I sometimes wonder, Agnes, if I am not all mother—not wife."

"But did you not love him when you married him?"

"No. I liked him. As a friend he was dearer to me than any of those who sought me. I never seriously considered the matter. All my girl friends married and floated out into

the gay world without a thought of duties or cares. I met my fate as they did, idly, thoughtlessly. Perhaps I have no great capacity for loving, yet for my child I have a passionate adoration that almost terrifies me. Oh, if I could only go away and never see him again!"

"And give up your child?" said the gentle voice of Agnes.

"Give up my child!" and there was a fierceness in the tones like that of a lionness about to be robbed of her cubs. "Never—it is this fear that keeps me dumb—submissive."

Again there was a silence!

Out in the darkness the man stood, his breath coming fast, his brow covered with perspiration, his hands tightly clenched. He could not move. His feet seemed glued to the ground. A noise within roused him. Marion had lighted the gas and was coming to close the blinds. He stepped down softly to the sodded path. She leaned her head against the window and looked out. How clearly she was defined against the cheerful background of light and warmth and color! God! how beautiful she was! The man drew his breath quick and hard. She sighed and threw up her hands wearily and then walked back silently into the room. Neither she nor her friend spoke. She had evidently forgotten her desire to close the blinds. She walked back and forth, back and forth, her head bowed, her hands clasped behind her. Then she suddenly left the room.

She was only gone a moment. On her return she threw herself upon a couch in a paroxysm of weeping. Agnes knelt beside her in alarm. Suddenly she arose.

"Agnes," she said, "I will go away —I will leave my child—I will——" here she broke down. Her friend soothed her until she became more calm.

"Listen," she said. "I went upstairs and there, with her face pressed against the window, was my child. Her feet were bare, her little gown was half off the white, dimpled shoulder. She did not hear my step—*mine*—and I would hear hers if I were dead! Nurse said she refused to go to bed—she was watching for her father. Oh, Agnes, then I knew I could never take her away—that if I went, I must go alone. Her soul is bound up in him as mine is in hers. Unhappy woman that I am! Is there no way to escape this bondage!" and great sobs burst forth from her heaving breast.

The man shook himself as though to arouse his stunned faculties. He gave a fleeting glance at the graceful figure shaken with sobs. He hurried to the gate and gave a hasty look at the lighted window overhead, through which he could see a childish face peering eagerly into the darkness. He softly closed the latch of the gate, then hurried down the lane. He had no definite plan of action. He had but one thought—to give her the freedom which she so desired and get away as far and as quickly as possible. He was vaguely conscious of one thing—Bum was trotting along by his side.

Yes, he thought in a dazed way, as he strode along, he would give her the freedom she asked as freely as he would have given her any good thing in life she desired. But for a time the situation defied analysis; his brain seemed to wander paralyzed. His only wish was to go on, on, blindly letting chance direct his footsteps .

But gradually he awakened—he began to reason. Fortunately he was not without means. By one of those circumstances, which are unexplainable at the time, but afterwards, in the light of events, seem providential, he had placed a large roll of bills in his pocket on leaving the office that evening. Thus his material wants were supplied for the present. But where should he go? In what direction should he bend his steps? There was one predominating idea: He must avoid all trains and leave no clue to his identification through observing depot agents and conductors. No; if he gave her the freedom she so craved it must be absolute, final. He must disappear as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

He recalled the fact that on leaving

"NOT A BITE, OLD FELLOW, UNLESS YOU SHARE IT"

the train he had met no one he knew. And now, as he was swallowed up in the deepening darkness, there was almost a touch of madness in the cunning he developed. Desolate as his life must be from this on, he entered into a completeness of detail as ardently as though hastening to the side of the woman he so loved with a costly jewel with which to adorn her.

And yet, even in the moment of self-renunciation, despair seized him as he realized the long stretch of weary, purposeless years to which he was exiling himself. There could be no active intercourse with human kind if he wished to eliminate himself. There were always strange, unexpected encounters by which his identity might be disclosed.

He remembered those days dimly. Days in which he avoided the sight of a living creature. Days in which he walked as though in a dream, travelling along unfrequented and strange highways, seeking shelter when he must in isolated farm-houses or barns. When questioned, he was taking a walking tour through the country. He allowed his beard to grow. His hair hung over his shoulders. A pair of glasses gave him the appearance of a pseudo-scientist. Those with whom he came in contact thought him a "half witted" body and never for a moment identified him with the wealthy man whose strange disappearance was arousing the whole country and for news of whom large rewards were offered.

He never read the papers. Passing events had no interest for him. He did not wish to see what was said regarding his disappearance. If he should see a single word of regret or affection he might weaken. And he knew—knew the depths of his wife's soul. Sudden pity for the strange fate that had befallen him might cause her to recall him—but he knew. So, cutting himself off from his own world, in the new one to which misery had brought him he wandered on.

So years passed by. His looks changed. His money was all gone. With his faithful dog at his heels he worked in the harvest fields in the summer, in the hop fields in the fall, and in the winter trusted to luck for shelter and food.

All ambition had died. Every feeling, every emotion but one was gone, and that was love for the faithful companion who shared all hardships without a murmur, all prosperity with a gratitude that never failed. This faithful creature was all in all to him. He represented wife, child, home, friends, everything of which he had been bereft.

There had been at no time any temptation to self-destruction. He was no coward. He accepted what fate had decreed him and lived it to the best of his ability. If he could have done so and kept her name from

reproach he might, perhaps, have plunged into business and forgotten in the turmoil of money getting. But he knew the world, its censoriousness. Not one word of blame should rest on her.

So, knowing that life meant for him one long, long tramp, he took it up, this endless journey, waiting for God's time when he should rest.

Ten years ago to-day, he thought, stooping down and patting his dog. To-day! The child was fifteen! He wondered how she looked, if she were alive, if—but memory had been tested too far. He threw himself down by Bum, and sleep, most merciful gift to stricken hearts, soothed him into forgetfulness.

* * * * *

A woman and a girl came slowly down a shady lane that led into the dusty highway. The woman was tall and matronly, the girl slender and fair. In her hand she carried a parcel and around her neck was a garland of flowers. "Are you tired?" said the woman gently.

"Just a little," and the girl smiled brightly.

"I did not take you too far?" and the woman looked anxiously into the girl's face.

"No, indeed; and how I enjoyed it! Fifteen to-day! I will soon be an old woman, mother."

"Yes, fifteen to-day," and the woman half sighed.

"It is just ten years since " and the girl faltered.

"Yes," said the woman, "just ten years!"

"How could you stand it, mother—and you loved him so?"

"I had you," answered the woman evasively.

"Mother, you are sure he is dead?"

"Sure "

"You searched far and wide?"

"Far and wide," said the woman mechanically, as though repeating a lesson.

"And not a trace?"

"Not a trace."

"And if he were not dead?"

The woman looked at the girl, startled.

"Not dead?" she gasped. "Of course he's dead," as though reassuring herself.

"But, mother, where did Bum go?"

"Probably wandered off with some tramp dog just as he came to us."

"But, mother, that night I saw at the gate—a man—a dog——"

"Hush, child, you are dreaming again. You said that before, but no one else saw them."

The girl repressed a sob with an effort.

"But, suppose, somewhere he wanders alone—uncared for——"

"Nonsense," and a hardness crept into the woman's voice. "Why worry yourself with all these vague fears?"

"I cannot forget."

"*I* have forgotten."

"Yes, and I wonder how ——"

The woman's face glowed with its deep mother love.

"I had you. That was compensation for all sorrow."

"And you loved him?" There was an eager light in the large, dark eyes that recalled——

"I married him," was the evasive answer.

The girl sighed. But now they entered the dusty road and walked in silence.

The tramp and the dog were still fast asleep. They heard no approaching footsteps. The woman and the girl were beside them, walking slowly, silently. The girl's glance fell upon them. She motioned to the woman.

"See," she whispered, her finger on her lip, "a man and a dog."

The woman looked and a thrill of fear passed over her.

"Two tramps," she said bravely, glancing down at them. A sigh of relief fell from her lips. These were not the missing ones—if they were missing.

The girl looked at the parcel in her hand.

"They may be hungry. I'll leave this bit of lunch we had left over."

The woman nodded assent.

The girl stooped down and then raised herself quickly. She opened the parcel and took some coins from her pocket.

"I will put these in," she said softly, "they may need them to-morrow."

The woman nodded.

"Do as you choose, but do it quickly."

The girl stooped again and placed the parcel between Bum's paws, then slowly rose, casting a furtive look at the face of the sleeping man. The stubby beard, the thin, tanned face brought no recollection to her. She glanced again at the dog—what strange memories were awake to-day. She touched him lightly, then stepped to where her mother awaited her impatiently. They moved on, but once more the girl stopped.

'Suppose, mother——" she said eagerly.

"Nonsense," replied the woman almost sharply

*

Into the nostrils of the sleeping dog stole the penetrating odors of the lunch. He raised his head inquiringly and sniffed the air.

Could he be mistaken, or had he only dreamed of roast beef and chicken?

Again he settled himself down to sleep, his nose on the snowy parcel. Again his dreams were disturbed. This time he found the cause

With a quick bark he aroused his sleeping master. In his half extended hand he placed the parcel. The man rose slowly to his feet. What did it mean? His senses were still wandering.

He looked sleepily at Bum who, with dancing feet and quick, sharp bark, was already enjoying in anticipation the good things he had so recently sniffed.

The man looked at the parcel and then down the road. Two figures were still in sight, a woman and a girl. Something about the woman's outlines caused his breath to come quick and fast. Then he pulled himself together again. Fool that he was, always haunted by some passing fancy, some unexplained resemblance!

He untied the parcel. Again he glanced down the road. The girl was looking back. She waved her hand. Involuntarily he extended his arms. Fool, again to give way to fancy! She only meant to signal him that the parcel was for him.

The dainties spread before them, they ate heartily. The coins clinked together in the empty pockets.

The feast ended, the man rose and, patting Bum on the head, said cheerfully:

"Come, we have enough for shelter to-night and food to-morrow."

And they tramped slowly through the gathering twilight to the nearest town.

MRS. R. L. BORDEN'S OTTAWA HOME

In Some Ottawa Homes

By Madge Macbeth

With Photographs by the Author

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.

STANDING most conspicuously in the limelight of Canada's history for the past year, has been the Honourable William Stevens Fielding and his family. The eyes of the world, indeed, were turned upon them. And it seems a peculiar freak of Fate that so many women who would give their dearest possessions for an opportunity to strut once across the stage of life must sit quietly in a corner with a darning basket near, and so many who would gladly relinquish the part they play in that most interesting drama, "The March of the Years," must stand in the glare of publicity which surrounds them.

Mrs. Fielding is to be classed with the last mentioned. She suggests the sweetness, modesty and peace of an Evangeline, and she shrinks from publicity of any sort. The sacrifice she has made of her personal desires has been more than ordinarily great, for she is a delicate woman, and exertion demands immediate toll from her small store of strength. The managing of her household is as much as the average

MRS. FIELDING IS VERY PRETTY, WITH SOFT WHITE HAIR AND A DELICATE PINK COLOR

woman attempts, if she is not in the best of health, and she makes excuses for her non-observance of any social obligations. Mrs. Fielding, however, has set herself a harder task; she has lived with all charm and graciousness in the restless public-social world, even while feeling that her family first, and those persons honored by her friendship, next, were the only ones having a claim upon her.

And would you know why?

Because above everything else, she is a mother—an ideal mother. More constant, watchful, unselfish mother-love it would be difficult to find. And perhaps the duties of motherhood became a habit with Mrs. Fielding, perhaps she encouraged such a capacity for love that it needed a larger outlet, for she 'mothers' many people far removed from the protection of the name of Fielding; she has built up about her a real home, where wanderers from afar find peace and sympathy, and in it she finds her joy.

Let no one think by this that Mrs. Fielding ever shirks or evades social duties. Neither does she discharge them with the look and manner of the early Christian martyr. Never! In speaking of last winter, with its crowded afternoons and evenings, its endless bridges and teas, a member of Ottawa's society frankly confessed that she shirked everything possible. "I refused invitations right and left," she said, "regardless of the bad feeling it made All of us" (meaning the ministers' families) "did it," she added.

"All?" I asked.

"Well," she amended, "all except the Fieldings. Aren't they thorough?"

That's it—and conscientious! From Mr. Fielding, who refused a title, down.

In giving and receiving they are equally charming. A tired hostess once said, reviewing her afternoon crush: "Well, the Fieldings enjoyed it, anyway!"

I call that genius!

And how they manage to lend themselves—their much-desired presence to all the functions which are not considered complete without them, and still have time to make and keep enthusiastic friends, will ever remain a dark mystery.

Mrs. Fielding was born in St. John, N. B. She is the daughter of the late Thomas Rankine, and the granddaughter of Thomas Rankine, founder of the old established firm of T. Rankine & Sons. In the days of her girlhood, St. John was a flourishing port and the Rankine home, a large and handsome residence, was the scene of constant merry-making. Miss Hester Rankine (Mrs. Fielding) had several brothers and, being a belle herself, the old homestead never lacked excitement.

Mr. Fielding carried off his bride to

Halifax and lived there until coming to Ottawa. In 1896, Sir Wilfrid Laurier invited the Premier of Nova Scotia to exchange his post for that of Minister of Finance; this, partly because of his success in the fiscal administration of the Province, and partly because of his careful study on the subject of trade relations between England and the United States. From the day the Fieldings arrived in Ottawa, their popularity has been undisputed, and if, in the light of recent political changes, they decide to return to their old home, Ottawans will be the losers.

Those who claim they know, assert that the public career of a man can be made or marred by his wife and family, and if this is true, then there is nothing too good for the Honourable William Stevens Fielding, for in every set, every class, every creed, there is none better loved than his.

I left Mrs. Fielding and called upon Mrs. Sifton in the Roxborough.

MRS. CLIFFORD SIFTON IN A CORNER OF HER LIBRARY. SHE WAS MISS ARMA BURROWS

"How do you do?" asked Mrs. Sifton, coming into the drawing room briskly, and giving me a vigorous handshake.

I murmured something regarding the state of my health, and suggested that hers was more important to me—from a photographer's point of view.

"Not another article—you are not going to photograph me!" she cried. "Oh, come, let's have a cup of tea, and call it square."

Mrs. Sifton, like Mrs. Fielding, and indeed like most true Canadian women, does not have that hankering for the spot-light that spoils so many clever women who have a chance to play a star part in society. In fact, anyone who has had the doubtful pleasure of interviewing society leaders in the larger American cities is grateful for the graciousness and simplicity of the Canadian women.

A great deal has been written of late about the "idle rich woman." She does not live in Ottawa. The society women of the capital are busy with their homes and families. Thanks to the sensible training that is part of a Canadian girl's education, they have a thoroughly practical knowledge of the business of housekeeping and home-making. And, underlying these home interests, there is a solid foundation of good morals and what we used to call "good works."

It did not take many minutes to discover that Mrs. Sifton has a hobby. She spoke long and earnestly on the subject of temperance. She and all her family are "teetotalers," and she cannot understand why anyone who realizes the consequences of intemperance should encourage drinking by having wine in their homes. Her argument is this: if those who *can* do without it, will not, how can we expect those who think they can *not* do without it, to try harder? In other words, we must protect the weaker

A MOST HUMAN, KINDLY AND SYMPATHETIC FRIEND

and then, most likely condemn them.

Her ideas on the question of various reforms are decided. One could never imagine Mrs. Sifton hesitating. She is quick to think and to form opinions. Her way of going about important matters is really a man's way, and she rather disapproves of women in a body trying to work out reforms. She contends that they "clamor"; that their perspective is not sufficiently good; that they are swayed by too many trivial things. This, of course, she was applying to the mass.

A woman devotedly attached to her family, is Mrs. Sifton. Her five sons are all musical, and she plays with them. What a drawing string in a family—music! She also loves young people and has always entertained them a great deal. By the same token she loves old people—really old people; dear old grandmothers who wear caps of lace over their white hair—not the kind who cling to "trans formations" and Dutch necks.

"My dressmaker told me that there were no more old ladies," I said, laughing at the decided way she expressed herself.

"Well, I know of one there *will* be," she answered, positively.

Mrs. Sifton can lay claim to belonging to the oldest families of Ottawa on both her father's and her mother's side. Her grandfather was Colonel John Burrows, of the Royal Engineers, who came from England somewhere between 1809 and 1817 (authorities differ), and who was the first settler on the present site of Ottawa. His son, Henry, was the first male white child born in the settlement, and he was Mrs. Sifton's father.

On her mother's side she claims relation with the Sparks, well known by students of Ottawa's history.

Mrs. Sifton is a fine-looking woman, slightly gray, with a clear, dark complexion and handsome brown eyes, which are sometimes merry and twinkling and sometimes stern. In speaking of the hardships of the life out West her early married life—she said:

"It seems a pity for some of us who have been lucky, to come East, and talk largely of the trials we lived through, and make heroines of ourselves, when there are hundreds of women, who performed as many deeds of sacrifice and heroism, maybe more, and who live and die unheard of, there. What we did was not extraordinary, it was the only thing to do. As I look back upon it, now, it was pretty rough in places, but if I had it all to do over again, I fancy I could manage it."

Laughing, she said that the way to bring up boys properly, is "to be a boy with them." Which reminded me of a motto I once heard: Receipt for having good children—Be a good parent.

There are no half measures with Mrs.

Sifton—she either likes a thing or does not like it. Strong herself, she expects others to be strong. She has no hesitancy about expressing her opinions regarding people, which is remarkable in Ottawa, where the pass-word seems to be diplomacy. She is a sort of strike-while-the-iron-is-hot person, upon whom you can absolutely depend to accomplish her aims. And she is one of those women who inspire greater respect, confidence and affection the longer you know her. There was so much to say about temperance and about music, and that absorbing topic—the future of our boys—that politics were not mentioned. Nor was the Coronation, nor Mrs. Sifton's summer in England. We did not speak of Mr. Sifton's horses, which won honors with flattering regularity wherever they were entered. We did not say much about the festivities for the present winter, although with a hint of wistfulness, Mrs. Sifton spoke of giving up her handsome house on Metcalfe street. It has been sold, she told me, because she could not live there with only the memories of her boys as company. They have all left their home, some in business and the youngest in college, and the empty rooms, Mrs. Sifton said, and the vacant places would be a constant torture to her.

MRS. R. L. BORDEN, THE WIFE OF THE PREMIER, AND ONE OF OTTAWA'S MOST KEENLY INTELLECTUAL SOCIAL LEADERS

There lives in Ottawa a woman who represents all that is charitable—generous—godly; who lends herself tirelessly to every sort of organization working for the public good; who gives tactfully, anonymously, from her private purse (or makes a personal canvass amongst her friends when the need is greater than she can supply) always taking care that her charity does not carry with it the sting of patronag whose house is put at the disposal of the church for concerts, bazaars, and benefits of all kinds; and whose sympathy, interest and help are to be had for the asking.

She is a deeply religious woman and believes that her first duty is to her church; she allows neither the weather, the press of social engagements nor bodily fatigue to interfere with her regular attendance; she is the most human, kindly, generous and sympathetic friend.

And she is called Lady Davies

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, was her birthplace, as it was that of her husband, Sir Louis Henry Davies K.C.M.G. He has held many and largely important positions from Premier of the province to that of Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and after resigning from the Dominion Cabinet he was appointed to the Supreme Bench. He was a member of the Joint High Commission and went both to Washington and Quebec to discuss the Newfoundland Fisheries question. And it fills the listener with pleasure to hear the simple pride with which this womanly wife speaks

of her husband and his achievements.

In appearance Lady Davies is slight and delicate looking. She is obviously not strong, although she possesses that nervous force which is so often taken for strength, and which enables her to keep up when her more robust companions have succumbed. She has had a large family, and has forgotten how 'to rest.'

The accompanying photograph was taken in a delightful sun parlor where Sir Louis spends much of his time reading. Ponderous volumes were stacked neatly about, for Sir Louis is a methodical man, and likes to put his hand upon the Sa—Sl volume instantly without the necessity of a five minute search, finding it at last in the Ha—Ho group.

The large house in which the Davies live is most homelike and comfortable. There is no attempt at display either in the house or in the manner of any of its inmates, who hold a most simple and cordial attitude toward the public. Such a thing as pride—pardonable pride, one might almost say—in her high position is quite foreign to Lady Davies; and a funny story occurs to the writer apropos of that statement, one which but for a single eye witness would never have come to light.

It is, of course quite generally known that when greeting the Governor-General's wife, a courtesy of more or less profoundness is required. This custom applies to none other— not even to the Premier's wife. It is also pretty generally known that the houses of the Ministers are open to callers on Monday afternoons, and many persons who have the entree to them at no other time, take advantage of this opportunity to shake hands with Canada's great ones. Such a person was calling at the house of a newly appointed Minister and was leaving when Lady Davies was announced. There was but one other guest present. The title was the stickler —not knowing exactly what to do, as they paused in the doorway, Lady Davies waiting to get in and the caller waiting to get out, the latter made a sweeping court courtesy, muttering humbly but audibly

"Your ladyship!"

The foregoing description of Lady Davies has been a failure if you think she laughed — smiled — or was even amused. She probably never thought of the incident again. But how many people, secure from the possibility of retaliation, could have refrained from making a good dinner story out of that?

Lady Davies was Susan, the fourth daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wiggins, of Prince Edward Island. For some years after her marriage she lived in Charlottetown, moving to Ottawa as recently as 1896. Before that time she had come only occasionally to the capital for a short time in the season.

A photograph of her home in Charlottetown shows it to be a lovely, peaceful spot, and it must be a relief to go there after the rush of Ottawa's winter, and take the summer calmly, reposefully. Yet, it is a foregone conclusion that this energetic, Christian woman finds an abundance of work for her gentle hands to do, even there.

From the corner of Metcalfe and Somerset Streets across the city to Wurtemburg is quite a distance but who would not make the trip enthusiastically, when at the other end of it, one finds Mrs. Robert Laird Borden, the wife of the man of the hour.

There recently appeared in the Review of Reviews words to this effect: The greater the person, the less the public really knows about him.

I thought of Mrs. Borden while reading that; she is so versatile, so broad-minded, so adaptable and sympathetic that a dozen persons speaking with her in a day, would come away from her home with a dozen different impressions. She is not apt to talk about herself—but about *everything else*. Mrs. Borden was Miss Laura Bond, of Halifax. The youngest of ten children, she was strictly reared; punctuality which was a virtue in the days of her childhood has become a fixed habit. She went to a convent where 'deportment' was as much a part of the day's study as was history; by her own confession she is old fashioned. If that means high-principled, cultured and energetic, let it pass. She has always been interested in everything pertaining to the

success and advancement of women, for many years being President of the Halifax Council of Women, President of the Aberdeen Association, Vice-President of the Woman's Work and Exchange, and Corresponding Secretary of the Associated Charities of the United States. There probably have been others, which claimed a share of her time. She has been of much assistance to her husband in his political life accompanying him upon electioneering tours and winning every one by her charm and interest in the issues of the time. Having no children she has dedicated her splendid energies to various kinds of useful work, so she is busier than a woman with a large house and family to look after. More like the wives of British statesmen Mrs. Borden works in keen sympathy with her husband, allowing no personal likes or prejudices to influence her to the detriment of his career. In speaking of Mrs. Borden to another member of the high political faction, some one lately said,

"But I should think you would be interested, Lady So and So; it means so much to your husband."

Meeting with no response to her plea, the speaker went on,

"Take Mrs. Borden, for example. She is ready for any kind of work so long as it benefits the Right Honorable Mr. Borden."

"But, my dear," said the disinterested lady plaintively, "you can't expect me to be as energetic as Mrs. Borden—why, she is Mr. Borden's right hand man."

Mrs. Borden works calculatingly, I should say; having enough foresight to know just where her efforts will tell to the best advantage; this in itself shows rare judgment. She is methodical and systematic, and although a very, very busy woman, having to chop her days into stingy little fifteen minutes for this and that, she always has time to give away when there is need; and she does not hurry one into a frenzy of confusion as busy people often do, impressing the need of rush upon all those about her, but appears to have nothing in the world to do other than sit and talk!

Beneath the quiet repose of her manner, however, there lurks a power of energy and force, arguing that the woman who possesses these attributes is not usually balked. She wins!

Mrs. Borden is a woman of high ideals, and she plays every game according to the highest standards set for it, even the big game of Society. When there are disagreeable duties to perform, she looks at them from her broad standpoint, and says with cheerfulness, "What does it matter—it is all in the game!"

And golf? Well, her reputation as a golfer does not require chronicling from me, here. She loves horses and dogs, and she is a photographer of no mean ability.

Come closer, girls! She loves a shirt waist—the good old fashioned kind, trim and neat from its stiff plain collar to a belt of the material. No kimono waists, dutch necks, and elbow sleeves for Mrs. Borden; she loves mauve; she is always exceedingly well-groomed.

After sitting eleven seconds for her first photo, she declared the operation quite painless, and herself ready to undergo it again. She talked charmingly and easily all the while, with a quizzical smile making itself seen every now and then as she realized that she was "making copy" And would you believe it? Once, in a burst of confidence, she actually used some slang! But though she talked delightfully on a great many different things, she would not say much about herself.

The topic of letter writing came up and Mrs. Borden spoke of the changed conditions of this day from those of her uncle's time when letter writing was one of the beaux arts, when her uncle who was stationed at Bermuda, wrote his sister of the life there. In a fine, cultured hand, embellished with a flourish here and there, he detailed at length the giving of a dinner party; who were his guests, what they wore and what they said; what he said in return. He described the looks and habits of the various animals about the place, touched upon gardening and asked for certain seeds to be sent to him. In short he wrote a brief history, every word ●

which was eagerly read and discussed.

"Who would have time to write such a letter, now?" demanded Mrs. Borden.

And I not having a frantically clever answer ready, raised a baffled shoulder.

"And who would have time to read it?" she asked again, laughing.

Then we blamed it all upon the age.

Mrs. Borden spent her summer in Halifax, and Mr. Borden fought his big fight without her helpful presence, this time. He carried his party to a glorious victory—startling to the most sanguine of them; and quite apart from the political aspect of his success, there are friends without number who rejoice with, and enthusiastically congratulate the new Premier and his wife

The position of the Premier of Canada's wife is no sinecure, but there is no one better fitted for that place than Mrs. Borden—it is what she was born for.

An article written some years ago in a Canadian magazine speaks of Mr. Borden as one of the 'coming men'. Wise prophet !

BETTER TO HAVE LOVED

BY CLYDE ALISON MANN

One brief day in my Garden of Love
I trod a flowery way,
By fragrant paths all rose-embowered,
I shall long for, O, for aye!
To arbors cool, by shady pool
My sweetheart sped with me,
And plans I laid with a dear, sweet maid
Were for eternity.

Night came down on my Garden of Love,
Its stars were dim and few;
All blossoms closed—I groped my path
Through the darkness, drenched with dew,
But in my dreams warm radiance gleams
Of sun that shone that day,
My glimpse of bloom endures, though gloom
Be mine, my future way!

Under Cover of Night

By Frank Houghton

"She knew herself on that pitch black night,
With the sullen sky above,
And saved her man from a deadly crime,
By the strength of her savage love."

HE put his horse up at the stable and passed out once more into the wild night. He followed the road some three hundred yards past the contractor's camp and company's store, then turned sharply to the right along a well beaten trail leading through the timber. Though the night was black as a tunnel he walked rapidly with head bent forward, against the driving rain, with the quick assured step of one to whom every foot of the way was perfectly familiar. A few minutes after leaving the main road a light appeared cut square in the black darkness. It came from the windows of a log shack. Walking up to the door he knocked upon it sharply; from the interior there sounded the shrill voices of women and strident laughter mingling with the clang of a tuneless piano. He repeated his knock twice ere the door was opened an inch or two and a woman's voice in low tones demanded who was there.

"That you, Cora?" he replied in tones correspondingly low.

At the sound of his voice she flung the door wide.

"Oh it is you, is it? Come in! My, what a night!" she exclaimed as a gust caught the loose wrapper she wore; with a sudden push she closed the door against the fierce wind.

"You got word all right?" said the man, removing his hat as he spoke and shaking the water from it to the floor.

They were standing in a small, gaudily furnished room, lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. The woman, Cora, was a brunette, tall, finely-moulded and viciously handsome. She stood before him, a cigarette between her full red lips, regarding him curiously, a sombre, sullen light shining in her dark eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "I got word. The Kid brought it early this mornin', about three o'clock."

"Gawd! he must 'a ridden," said the man.

The woman nodded, then asked him if he would have something, and on his accepting she left the room, closing the door carefully behind her.

The man on being left to himself drew a heavy curtain across the window muttering: "It is best to be careful."

He was a tall man of an immensely powerful build, with red hair and the red freckled complexion that so often goes with it. His eyes were small and blue, his chin pointed rather than square, his mouth thin-lipped and cruel.

A moment later the woman returned carrying a tray with two glasses, a bottle and a small carafe of water upon it. Placing it on a table in the centre of the room, she helped herself. The man poured out a liberal portion and drank it off at a gulp, then helping himself again he turned to the woman.

"He wasn't at the hotel."

"He was here all the afternoon with Nellie. He's dead stuck on Nellie."

"Drinkin', o' course?"

She nodded.

He began pacing up and down the room.

"He spoke of the reward to her?"

"Yes."

"She told you?"

The woman laughed.

"You bet she didn't. What do you take her for? She wants it."

"How did you find out?"

"I listened, Jake. How do you imagine a woman finds out things?"

He came to a stand before her, his thumbs in his waistband, and looked at her; her eyes met his, she blew a cloud of smoke from between her lips and smiled up at him.

"It was smart of you, damn smart. Has he any money now?"

"I'll never tell y'u, Jake."

He watched her keenly for a few moments, then began again his restless pacing. A second time he halted before her.

"Diamond's got to be kep' quiet, he knows too much."

She shrugged her shoulders, smiling.

"He's got to be kep' quiet," he reiterated, "he's the only man as knows that me an' Sladen stuck up the paymaster. He's sure got to be kep' quiet."

She threw her head back and laughed.

"I heard him tellin' Nellie what a time they could have with the two thousand reward."

"Has he told Nellie who done it?"

She shook her head "I don't think so."

He helped himself a third time liberally to the whiskey, and drank it off. He never showed by outward and visible sign the liquor he drank; perhaps he never drank enough, certainly it did not affect him as it did other men. After a certain amount an exceptionally keen observer might notice a difference in his eyes. The pupils changed curiously and became like the eyes of a beast, a beast without a soul, murderous, deadly. When Jake Rawlins became drunk he became very quiet and dangerous. The liquor he had taken was beginning to tell on him. In the next few minutes he drank again twice, and the woman spoke to him.

'Quit it," she said, "you have had nough."

Her eyes met his and she shuddered. She had sunk nearly as low as a woman can sink, and such depths are unfathomable; could such as she know pity? Yet she told herself she pitied that other man.

The man before her spoke as though reading her thoughts.

"He is alone in the shack by the river," he said. He looked across the room at the window as he spoke, then added: "Cora, listen to the rain." It lashed the window in a sudden gust, the wind moaned in the tall trees and whined eerily in the little chimney of the building. She glanced at the window an instant, then up at his face again.

"I think I will go down and see him." He spoke very quietly, buttoning his slicker.

"Don't go, Jake," she said, "it is an awful night. Stay here with me."

"I think I will go down and see him," he repeated in the same dead-level, quiet voice.

She rose to her feet and placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"Jake," she said, "don't go, for God's sake, stay here with me, Jake."

He turned from her without a word. She followed him a step or two.

"Stay with me," she whispered, "ain't I always loved you, Jake?"

He reached the door, opened it and passed out, silent, remorseless.

Bending against the driving storm he followed the trail on towards the river. Arrived at it he paused a moment to look over its seething rush of waters into the pitch blackness. He was thinking:

"No, "he said, "no woman never loved Jake Rawlins; leastways," he added slowly, "never since he was a little runt o' a kid an' had a mother."

The wind roared through the tall trees, the driving rain stung his face like the tiny lashes of a whip. He turned to the left and followed the trail along the river's bank for half a mile to a second shack, a mere hovel. On the far side of it a light streamed through a single dirty pane of glass, which served as a window. Looking through this the interior was revealed to him. Before a blazing wood fire in a rough open

fireplace, a man sat alone. He looked a small slight man. In his left hand he slowly waved a pipe backwards and forwards as a leader of an orchestra might his baton. In his right hand he held a tin drinking cup. He wagged his head slowly to the movement of his pipe. Apparently he was singing, though no sound of his voice could be heard outside above the roaring storm. He presented the appearance of a man idiotically happy, hopeful and drunk.

In the centre of the room behind him was a rickety deal table. A lighted tallow dip stuck in an empty beer bottle stood upon it, and an untidy bed occupied a corner.

Leaving the window, Rawlins walked round to the door. Raising the latch he opened it, and entered, closing it quickly behind him. The roar of the wind, the man's singing, drowned all other lesser noises. Rawlins seated himself on the foot of the bed and waited, listening and watching. The man, unaware of the presence of another, continued his singing, a pitiful, lonely, ridiculous object. At length his song ceased and he drank from the cup, smacking his lips. He began to talk to himself aloud, the rambling, boastful, inconsequent utterances of a drunken man. Rawlins craned his neck forward so that he would not miss a word.

"Boys," he said, grinning fatuously, "ye think little Diamond's broke, but 'e ain't, no, no, 'e ain't; it's terrible hard to break little Diamond, ha, ha, ha!" He chuckled foolishly, nodding his head while he sucked at his pipe, then continued:

"Two thousand good Canadian dollahs paid to anyone as'll give information leadin' to the arrest of them as held up the paymaster on the third o' June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three. Think o' it, two thousand good Canadian dollahs. An' who knows the party as done it? W'y, little cunnin' Diamond knows, an' that ain't no idle dream. Then won't we have a time, Nellie an' me."

He began singing again, waving his pipe as before, wagging his head and beating time with his feet to the halting, mournful air of the ditty:

"Oh, the red gold lies in the river bars:
Her eyes so bright an' her lips so red,
The dead man lay with his face to the stars,
A knife in his heart an' a hole in his head."

"Y'u jest bet 'her eyes so bright and her lips so red'; pretty little Nellie.

"Jake Rawlins," he shook his fist, "Oh curse him, may he die slow an' suffer long and terrible, may little Diamond be there to see him die."

Rawlins' face was awful, with the look of the beast in his eyes. The little man continued:

" 'E thinks hisself awful slick, don't 'e, but 'e ain't slick enough fur little Diamond, 'e aint. 'E'd kill little Diamond, 'e would, if he knoo his little game."

He wagged his head and sang:

"Her eyes so bright and her lips so red."

"We'll jest light out fur Caribou, 'e'll never think o' lookin' thar fur little cunnin' Diamond; that's the country; whiskey runnin' like water an' gold in all the cricks. 'E'll think little Diamond's back in Idaho, 'e will, ha, ha, ha!"

Again he sang the same mournful, halting air:

"Oh, the wind sang low in the big black pine,
Her breast so white, oh the merry, merry game,
An' the dead man's blood, it flowed like wine,
An' the dead man's soul went by like [illegible]"

It was abominable, horrible, the weak, foolish, drunken little sneak babbling on fatuously of his cleverness and sordid infatuation; cursing the man of whom he stood in mortal terror, the ruthless brute who sat behind him, not ten feet away, listening to it all, watching him with his cruel, awful eyes.

For a time he sat in silence, staring stupidly into the fire. He spoke again, very slowly, his voice hitherto high-pitched falling to a mournful whine as the effects of the liquor died away.

"Who stole Dutch Pete's pet saddle hawse, the brown wan with the white hind feet an' Circle Dot brand on the off shoulder? That's wot I wants to know. W'y, 'e done it, 'e faked the brand —turrible easy wan to fake; then wot does 'e do? W'y, 'e goes an' sells it to a pore ignorant Gospel-puncher a-travellin' the range doin' good. Wot 'appens

then? W'y, the brown hawse, turrible mean 'wan, onloads the pore man, comes pretty nigh breakin' 'is silly neck. That was another o' Jake's little doin's, that was. That's hawse stealin', that is. That's another penitentiary job, that's wot that is. Four or five years at least, good place fur 'im. Who knows that an' ken prove it? W'y, cunnin' little Diamond ken, an' if 'e tries any o' 'is little games, w'y, little Diamond 'll jest up an' say the word, 'e will."

Then he began, or rather continued his weird dirge, his head between his hands, rocking his body to and fro:

"An' Death rode high in the storm-swept sky,
Her form was lovely, her looks were free,
The light shone bright in the dead man's eye,
'Oh, the kiss of the woman was sweet,'
quoth he."

He shivered, though the little room was warm to suffocation.

"Death," he muttered, "Death." He looked up. "It's a awful night. Gawd, how the wind howls." He dropped his face between his hands again. "I heerd a dog howl last night, that means Death, Death to you if he was facing you, wonder who 'e was facin'? Little Diamond's too young to die, 'e is. Death's everywhere such a awful, tempeschus night."

He shuddered and was silent.

The man behind him in the shadow, watched him with his bright pitiless eyes, and presently he babbled on:

"I feel awful lonesome like. If it uch a night I'd go an' see little Nellie."

His body twitched, jerked, racked by his leaping nerves. He sat bolt upright:

"Gawd!" he muttered in a hoarse whisper, "I ken feel it. Somethin' behind me a watchin' o' me."

Rawlins never moved.

With a harsh grating sound in his throat he turned himself about and looked straight into those awful death's eyes. He screamed, springing to his feet. Rawlins also rose, slowly, leisurely and leaned against the door, his thumbs in his waistband. . . . .

The woman, Cora, stood still a moment where Rawlins had left her. In the adjoining room the jangling of the piano began again. Hastily putting the glasses on the tray, she picked it up and passed out through a door into the room occupied by the musician, a girl who still retained some slight pretensions to good looks. She was a fair girl, with quantities of light hair done high upon her head. Her eyes were blue, her mouth weak, sensuous and obstinate. She turned towards the elder woman on her entrance, but did not cease her jangling horror. In a measure the theatrical movement of her hands and arms heightened the unpleasantness; the very size of the room, or perhaps it was its low ceiling, and oblong shape, that seemed but to accentuate the reverberation, hurting the ear.

"Well," she said, "Jake, I suppose?"

The elder woman nodded.

"He wouldn't stay?" She laughed, adding, "He must be fond o' weather, or tired o' love."

The woman passed on through the room without a word. In a few moments she returned. She had put on a man's oilskin slicker and a sou-wester tied beneath her chin. The girl stared in some astonishment.

"I am going out, Nellie, may not be back for an hour."

"Whatever are you going out fur, on such a night?"

The woman shrugged: "To look for love, maybe," she said and laughed.

The screaming wind, the driving rain, beat upon her with a massed solidity that taxed a leaning strength to make a slow headway. She followed the trail Jake had taken but a short time previously. Half an hour after his entering the hovel, she stood outside of it. She, too, as he had done, peered through the little square of dirty glass. The sight she saw appalled her. For there, in the middle of the floor, prone on his back lay Diamond, while over him, a knee upon either arm, pinning him to the floor, was Jake Rawlins, an evil smile upon his cruel lips, a long knife in his right hand.

Knowing the man, his strength and his ferocious temper, as the woman did, it was a marvel that she never paused. Even in the pitch blackness of that

roaring night she flew round the building for the door. Once, her foot catching in a log or stone, she fell heavily. The jar, however, seemed only to loosen a sharp oath. She sprang to her feet with an amazing quickness and agility; she reached the door. Her right hand she thrust into the bosom of the blouse she wore beneath the slicker. Raising the latch she kicked the door open and with a swift leaping stumble, made a third in that heated atmosphere.

"Jake," she screamed.

Snarling an oath her savage lover sprang to his feet.

"Oh, Jake," she screamed a second time, with raucous intonation. "Quit it! Would you do murder, you devil's man?" She stamped her foot, she plucked her dripping hat off, and dashed it to the floor, she threw her head back, her fine figure held straight. The light from the flickering open fire showed up her face in strong relief against the square blackness of the open door. Her dark-browed, savage beauty never showed to better advantage.

"Would you do murder, beast!" again she stamped. "Then I too will take a hand." She drew her right hand from her breast as she spoke, an over-mastering fury in her voice.

"Cora, you here?" Rawlins said. He looked at her a moment. The flaming ferocity in his eyes was terrible, then he spoke again:

"Gawd, what a woman!" He threw his head back so that she could only see his hairy, corded throat and laughed. The little man behind him staggered dizzily to his feet, clutching at the table. She raised her right hand, a cocked revolver in its grip, and covered Rawlins.

"Lay down that knife, you beast," she said and swore a furious oath, "or, so surely as God lives, you die."

"Save me, oh save me," moaned the little coward and tottered to her. Here was a man outside of her environment, so different from the many she had known. The harsh laughter of her lover filled the room. He looked at her and at the frowning pistol's muzzle and realizing the certainty of her sworn attempt to kill, he let the knife fall. Then he turned his curious eyes upon the cringing coward.

"Save him, oh save him, Cora," he said with a string of merry blasphemies, and laughed again.

For one single moment the woman stared, then pointed to the door:

"Go," she said, "go to your Nellie, coward."

He did not wait for a second bidding, but hatless and in his shirt sleeves staggered, stumbling, into the black night.

She walked to the door and closed it after him, then turned to that other man.

"Jake," she said, "you awful fool, would you turn murderer?"

"Some men are better dead, Cora."

"Thank God to-night, you crazy brute, that on this vile earth there lives a woman who——"

"What, Cora?" He walked up to her and with his thumbs, as usual, hooked in his waistband, looked down upon her. Perhaps as he stood there he noticed the splendid colour in her eyes, the crimson of her lips, her strong handsome face. With a sudden movement he caught her by the wrists, the revolver hanging limply from her right hand.

"What, Cora?" he reiterated, with a queer, fierce insistance.

"Loves a man."

"Woman, what man?"

"Why you, you ugly fool."

He pulled her to him, half savagely, and kissed her on the lips. Then loosening her, he seated himself on the table, and raising his right hand waved it slowly to and fro before her and sang. The voice from between those lips was sweet, superbly sweet. Slowly and low he sang, a curious catch in the middle of every second line, the same weird, gruesome song:

"An' Death rode high in the storm-swept sky,
Her form was lovely, her looks were free,
The light shone bright in the dead man's eye,
'Oh, the kiss of the woman was sweet,'
quoth he."

She stood before him rolling a cigarette. At the cessation of his singing, she looked up, a smile upon her lips.

"The kiss of the woman, humph," she said, "you devil's man!"

"There's Diamond loose."

"Diamond—pah!" She flung her hands wide in a splendid gesture. "There's the world, Jake, the big, big world for you and me," she said.

"Ay, Cora, South America," he laughed. "There's always South America!"

The Red Patrol

By A. A. Strachan

"How the Police impressed Sitting Bull and his turbulent warriors is well illustrated by the affair in which Sergeant McDonald figured. The scene is still Wood Mountain. One day the Police found half a dozen Salteaux Indians dead near their post, and not only dead but scalped. Another Salteaux who had witnessed the tragedy confirmed the belief that the perpetrators of the crime were Sioux, and if further proof were wanting it was afforded by Sitting Bull himself, who soon appeared at the Police quarters and demanded the surrender of the surviving Salteaux. Sergeant McDonald was a tough nut for the Sioux Chief to attempt to crack. He was not a bit scared when Sitting Bull leaped from his pony and ran forward thrusting the muzzle of his gun into the other's stomach. The old soldier pushed the weapon to one side, and invited Sitting Bull and the four chiefs with him to enter the stockade and have a "pow-wow." The rest of the Indians—about five hundred in all—remained outside.

When Sergeant McDonald conducted the chiefs into his quarters, their arms were left stacked in the yard. This strategic move gave him the whip hand over them. First he commanded that the howling mob of "braves" without should be ordered to disperse. This was done; then the Sergeant explained the law to them, and announced that he was going to send to the Sioux camp to arrest the murderers of the dead Salteaux. Three constables went on this mission, and a lively time they had by all accounts, with the Sioux hustling them and trying to provoke a fight. But they got their men, whose names were known, and they brought the prisoners back. Sitting Bull received his first lesson in Police methods then: the second came when the prisoners in question were tried for the murders and duly hanged."—A. L. Haydon, in "Riders of the Plains" (A History of the Royal North West Mounted Police.)

"BONJOUR, Monsieur Legarre," shouted the guide, as we drew rein on the rim of the coulee and looked down on the trader's camp. "By gar! where you get heem, all dem cayuse—hey?"

"Why, hallo, Joe! *Comment sont vous?*" returned a hearty voice, as Mr. Legarre climbed the bank and shook our guide's hand so warmly that Joe came near to toppling over the head of his pinto pony, which had seized the opportunity of our halt to nibble the bunch grass.

With the politeness of a true Frenchman, after the first greeting to his old acquaintance and compatriot, the trader shook hands with us all round, with a cheery word and a grip that left no doubt of his sincerity.

We were a Mounted Police patrol returning from our weekly trip to White Mud, where we connected with a party from "A" Division, thus forming a link in the great chain of outposts which, a quarter of a century ago, stretched from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains.

A little east of Pinto Horse Butte we had struck, that afternoon, the fresh trail of wagons and unshod horses which had not been there when we had passed that way before, and, as strange outfits in that lone land were as rare as coyotes with two tails, and generally meant whisky smuggling or horse-stealing, both of which reprehensible forms of native industry we were there to discourage, we had hit up the trail with considerable satisfaction,

having a hunch it would lead to some little excitement which would be a welcome break in the dull monotony of our lives. So, our disappointment can be imagined when, after four hours' hard riding under a broiling July sun, we found nothing more exhilarating than the camp of a peaceful trader who was too well known and respected for any suspicion of law-breaking.

After the first greeting Joe Lacerte, "our guide, interpreter and friend," was soon squatting beside the trader's camp fire, drinking black coffee, smoking vile tobacco, stinking with a blend of "kinnikinette" (red willow bark), and yapping away in a mixture of French, English and Indian, bewildering in variety and torrential in volubility while we of the Red Patrol made camp a little further up the creek, picketed our tired horses, unrolled our bedding from the patrol wagon, pitched our bell tent, cooked supper and afterwards also, but more fastidiously, smoked.

I had not met Mr. Legarre before, but his name was well-known to me. His exploits, too, had been told around our camp-fires. He was looked upon as king of the old pioneers, a man whose coolness and courage were far above the average in a land and amongst men with whom these attributes were the rule—not the exception. When, after the Custer massacre, Sitting Bull and his braves had crossed the line and settled near Wood Mountain, it was Legarre who located them, he who explained the conditions on which the Canadian Government would allow them to remain in the country as refugees. He made clear to the chiefs the laws of the country and the might of the arm that would enforce them. To him, more than to any other man belongs the credit that those war-like, turbulent and unwelcome guests kept the peace during their sojourn amongst us. He lived amongst them, traded with them and finally persuaded them to return to their own country when the United States Government proclaimed an amnesty.

It turned out that Mr. Legarre was returning from a business trip to Benton, where he had been to purchase supplies and a small bunch of very likely-looking bronchos, and was now on his way to his home at Willow Bunch by way of the Fort. Being a sensible old-timer, he had camped during the heat of the day but pulled out, an hour after our arrival, and resumed his journey, amidst much shouting in three languages, stamping of horses and creaking of Red River carts.

"By gar," said Joe, squatting, tailor fashion, beside our coffee pot, after seeing his friend to the trail, and reaching for a flaming willow to relight his villainous pipe, "dat one good mans, Legarre. Brave!—say, he ees one lion! Fear!—he not know w'at ees dat! You boys not know heem, but for me—well, w'at you tink? He ma freen', know heem since ten, feefteen, twanty year—by gar!"

"Aw, gawn!" said Pipes, winking at the rest of us and shifting his seat, so as to get the wind between him and Joe's tobacco, "he ain't no good. All bluff, like the rest of you! I never knew an old timer but had a yallow streak somewhere, when it came to a show down."

The guide, contrary to expectations, did not fly off the handle at this sneer. He knew us too well and could take a joshing without losing what little temper he possessed.

"You boys," he said, judicially, "is all ri'. In twanty year mabeso, you learn somet'ing 'bout des contree. But, say, I could tell you some storee' bout dat mans, Legarre. How he safe the Fort from bein' burn', how he stan' off ol' Sittin' Bull an' all hees braves an' safe your Major Paddee—you know heem?—an' hees mans from wipen' out. You lak hear dat storee, hey?"

We became interested at once. Shorty, our teamster, and Sliver, the cook, put away a greasy pack of cards and gathered around for we had all heard something of the incident to which Joe referred though none of the Red Patrol had been long enough in the force to have been actors in the little drama, so near becoming a terrible tragedy, which, like many another, had for record merely a brief announcement in General Orders of that time.

Not long after the Sioux had taken up their abode at Legarre's Coulee, the

supply of buffalo meat began to run short. The wholesale slaughter of the animals by the Indians and hunters for the sake of the fur robes alone would soon, as it finally did, have exterminated them, but added to this a plague of grass-hoppers had visited the country that season and the animals had been driven northward. The Indians were hard put to it for food and were suspected of making raids across the border and bringing their plunder into Canada. At Wood Mountain Fort the officer in command had but twenty men to patrol the trails and keep in check the restless Sioux who threatened to break into open rebellion and make things lively Fort Walsh and McLeod were a long way off and supplies and reinforcements scarce and uncertain, and the Major had to rely solely on the courage and fidelity of his little band to preserve the peace.

One night the Wolf Point patrol brought in a wounded man and a distracted woman who had been picked up on the trail beside a wrecked and looted prairie schooner. The tale was a pitiful one and filled every man in the post with indignation and a thirst for vengeance. The man, George Bower by name, a Canadian settler unsuccessful in Dakota, had set out with his wife and little girl, five years old, to make the journey back to Canada by trail. What little he had he packed into his wagon, hitched up the team and set out to reach his brother's ranch in the Cypress Hills. The night before, after a weary trip through the then uninhabited wilderness south of the line, he had joyfully made camp well within Canadian territory, and was congratulating himself that the worst was over, when suddenly with wild whoops a band of painted Sioux swooped down upon them, looted the camp, stole the team, clubbed the man almost to death and carried off the little girl.

This was the bomb that suddenly exploded amongst the little group of twenty men in that lone fort on the outskirts of civilization, and a half hour later the Major and ten red coats, accompanied by scout Lacerte and Bower, were tearing like mad on the trail of the looters, while the remaining half-score of the little garrison were putting the log guard-house in shape to receive prisoners, fixing up the stockade, overhauling arms and, incidentally, drawing fresh ammunition and placing it where it would do the most good.

There is one thing about most Mounted Police commanders, they never send a man where they fear to go themselves, and when any service of an extra hazardous nature is to be performed, you will generally find the man at the top on parade. So many deeds of daring by the men in red, have passed unrecorded that deadly peril has come to be looked upon as simply part of the day's work. When, therefore, Major Crozier and his command rode into Sitting Bull's camp and grabbed Red Cloud and five other Indians, whom Bower identified as his assailants, no one thought of flinching, and despite the very hostile demonstration of the rest of the band, the prisoners were promptly bundled into the patrol wagon and toted along to the fort where they were soon behind the bars, very much surprised, and considerably sadder if not wiser, Indians. But although the team was recovered and the prisoners taken the most diligent and systematic search failed to find the lost child or any trace of her, neither could threats nor promises extract any information as to her whereabouts.

It happened at the time Sitting Bull himself and most of the warriors were absent on a hunting expedition. They had followed the buffalo to the Qu' Appelle Valley. Had the whole band been present, or had there been any hesitation in making the arrests, there is no doubt blood would have been spilled and the little garrison would undoubtedly have been hard pressed. As it was, a messenger was sent to Walsh for an escort for the prisoners, as it was impossible to spare sufficient force from the garrison for that purpose, but before reinforcements could arrive, Sitting Bull returned and things began to happen.

"By gar," said Joe, reminiscently, at this point, as he proceeded to refill his evil-smelling pipe, "I not forget the night dat ol' Sittin' Bull come back!

He was clean mad, for sure, and there was hell a-poppin'. Legarre, he tell me he come to hees store wit' hondred Injun all painted for fight They take hees tea, an' hees sugarr an' hees flour. They not get some gun nor some ca'tridge—Legarre he cache *dem*. Then Legarre he come to the fort an' he tell the Major that Sittin' Bull, he say—'Onlas he let heem go the prisonaire—right away—queeck—pronto! to-morrow he come take dem, make big fight, burn fort an' keel all Red Jackets.' By gar, dis make heem mad, dat Paddee! He call all hees mans, make big speak. Dey all cry, 'Fight, fight, fight,' an' cheer—say, dem feller did shout! Den the cook he serve some coffee, the sergeant he serve some more gun an' we get all ready for the big fight. Ah! dat was livelee tam', for sure! By an' bye, Major Paddee he call Legarre an' say, 'Go back you, Legarre—tell heem, Sittin' Bull, an' dem Injun,—if they fire one shot—come one step 'cross dat creek—I hang dat chief, Red Cloud an' all prisonaire lak dog!'—Ah! he one dam fine mans, dat Paddee!" Having sent the trader back to the Sioux camp with his ultimatum, the Major quietly set about preparations for putting his threat into execution, and the tap, tap of carpenters' hammers was heard far into the night. A double guard was posted and everything possible done to prevent a sudden surprise.

In the meantime Legarre had reached the Sioux camp and coolly delivered his message. The old chief wrinkled up his cheek and came as near smiling as his style of face would permit, when he heard it, seeming to look upon it as a very good joke.

"They might hang Red Cloud," he grunted, "and serve him right for allowing himself to be so easily taken, but my brother knows that would not prevent the Sioux burning down the fort and killing the white men. My braves are many, the white warriors few. I can kill them all."

"True," said the trader, "but my red brother will not kill them."

The old chief let out what was probably a ripping good oath in his language, and turned on the Frenchman angrily

"And why," he asked, "will I not kill them?"

"For a sufficient reason," said Legarre, "because my brother is afraid."

Sitting Bull uttered a howl of rage, drew his knife and sprang towards the trader with fury, but remembering the dignity of a great chief, for he was as proud of his striped blanket as any prince of the royal purple, he resumed his seat.

"My brother knows well," he said in as quiet a tone as his brand of voice could ever assume, "that he is always welcome in the lodge of Sitting Bull. His tongue is not forked and when he speaks his friend will listen to his wisdom—but why should I fear to kill the Red Jackets who have taken away a chief of the Sioux nation and will not set him free?"

"Because," said the trader, "Red Cloud is a coward and should be punished for conduct unworthy of a chief—he is a thief!"

Sitting Bull pondered this view of the case for a moment. It had not struck him in quite that light before.

"And," continued Legarre, "there are more Red Jackets. If the Sioux kill what are here, others will take their place."

"We can kill them, too," said the old savage, after considering this for a moment.

"Mabeso, but they are like the grass on the prairie. They will come from the rising and setting sun and across the big water. Their guns are like the gun at Walsh that shoots in every direction—that plows up the earth and scatters death all around. They will send fire to burn up the prairie and lightning to blast the forests and the noise of their ponies' feet will shake the earth like the stampede of many buffalo. Then where will the Sioux hide from the vengeance of the Red Jackets? They cannot go south for there the Blue Jackets, brothers of the Red Jackets, lie in wait for vengeance, and if they flee to the north they will perish of cold and hunger, amidst the everlasting snows, far from the graves of their race and the spirits of their fathers will know them no more."

If this speech is correctly translated, and I was assured it was, the old trader must have been of a poetical turn of mind, or gifted with some imagination. It certainly seemed to strike Sitting Bull as sound logic, for he remained wrapped in his old blanket and these new thoughts for quite a while. His face was perfectly inscrutable, of course, as the face of an Indian, whether he is a great chief, or merely a cigar store dummy, ought to be, but after thinking the matter over for awhile, he grunted in the usual way, and said:

"My brother's words are jewels of wisdom, but if I call off my young men and light the pipe of peace, what of Red Cloud and those with him?"

"Return the child to the white squaw unharmed, and the prisoners will get honest treatment and no worse punishment than they deserve."

This seemed to strike Sitting Bull as somewhat indefinite Perhaps he thought if they got what was coming to them there would be some vacant squatting places in the Sioux lodges, for he said, with some return to his old ferocity:

"My brother is wrong, the Red Jackets will not dare to hang a Sioux chief."

"Make no mistake," said the trader, "the chief of the Red Jackets is no squaw."

All was quiet along the creek during the night, but with daylight the Indian braves began to gather in force, riding hither and thither on their wild ponies, but none ventured to descend from the bench on which stood the trading post. At the fort everything seemed to proceed as usual. The flag was run up to the pole, inside the stockade, as the bugle sounded "Reveille," but a keen eye could detect a long platform, which had been erected during the night on the flat roof of the guard-house. Above this scaffold was a beam from which dangled six ends of stout rope in a very sinister and suggestive manner. By ten o'clock not less than five hundred well-armed warriors had congregated on the bench, waving their guns, and uttering ear-piercing and blood-curdling yells and nothing but the presence of Sitting Bull, who had not quite made up his mind what to do, prevented the hostile demonstration from developing into a regular charge upon the fort, which could not long have withstood the assault of such heavy odds. Within the fort the garrison felt the next few hours must decide their fate. All knew if that wild mob broke loose, nothing could stop them. The old fort would be rushed or set on fire and nothing could be done but to fight to the end and sell their lives as dearly as possible, as did the gallant Custer. Even though the first assault could be repelled, when darkness fell the besiegers could creep near enough to set the old logs on fire. A night attack was to be feared above all things and, recognizing this, Major Crozier resolved to bring the affair to a head at once. So he ordered the prisoners to be brought up and placed upon the scaffold with the loops of the different ropes around their necks.

When this spectacle met the eyes of the Indians a great silence fell upon them. The Sioux are probably the bravest of all the American aborigines and to die in battle is looked upon as the natural death of a warrior, but to seek the happy hunting ground at the end of a rope is the greatest disgrace that can befall. The prisoners were related to many, tribesmen to all, and such a death, even though they wiped out the little band of Red Jackets immediately afterwards, was a disgrace that no blood could ever wash away.

Sitting Bull was a shrewd old chief. The words of Legarre had been ringing in his ears all night. The only doubt in his mind was whether the Major would dare to keep his word and as he looked towards the fort these doubts melted away—the chief of the Red Jackets was not putting up a bluff. He grunted three times which, I am informed, was his mode of expressing admiration for a brave man, and commenced with all speed to herd his warriors up the coulee. By nightfall not an Indian was to be seen in the vicinity.

That night the sentry at the gate challenged some object moving in the darkness. He was answered by a

child's cry and Legarre staggered inside the stockade carrying the stolen little girl who was soon clasped in her mother's arms. Everybody crowded around the brave trader; the mother kissed him, the men wrung his arms almost out of their sockets, the Major clapped him on the back and all agreed that he was a fine fellow—for a Frenchman!

There was a long silence around the camp-fire when Joe had finished his "storee", and Sliver and Shorty slunk off to their blankets without a word.

"If the Lord loves a cheerful liar," remarked Pipes, as he got up and stretched himself, "you sure have eternal happiness coming to you, Joe."

"By gar!" said the guide, "dat always the way with you feller—tell you true—you say lie! I been in dis contree twanty year—Major Paddee, he ver' fine mans. Legarre, he—"

But even as Joe spoke in defence of his countryman the call of "Lights out" sounded in our camp, and silence settled down over the prairie.

THE PRAIRIE'S ANSWER

BY BERT HUFFMAN

IN YEARS agone a hunter lost his way,
And stood aghast on the wild Northern plain;
To east, to west, to north, to south, there lay
The utter solitude. He searched in vain
All its white vastness for a sign of life;
He threaded all its trackless waste in dread;
Then sank down, vanquished in the hopeless strife,
The prairie answered not his cry for bread.

"O God," he cried, in life's last keen despair,
"Why cast this desert in a world so fair?"
Another day—the hunter's bones were white—
The self-same prairie smiled its answer back.
Ten thousand firesides glowed with tender light,
Thronged full of life its highway, street and track;
Fleets waited for its ripening harvest gold,
Wheels hummed in tune in all its thousand mills,
The warm and pulsing sod yields manifold,
The prairie's heart with splendid rapture thrills.
A million lives unto it are endeared,
The prairie answers to their beck and call,
And where the hunter laid him down, is reared
The splendor of a new state's capitol.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

DICKENSIANA

THE seventh of this month of February, and year of grace, 1912, sees the centenary of Charles Dickens, one of those masters of English fiction who belong to the little band of Immortals. For a time there appeared to be a doubt in the minds of some of the so-called "superior" critics that the work of Dickens would live. That doubt has been dispelled. The works of Dickens are selling better than ever to-day, although many of the places he describes with such fidelity have disappeared, for London, where most of these scenes are laid, is changing with the rest of the world, widening her narrow streets, knocking down ancient inns of court, coffee houses and hostelries by the score, excavating, tunnelling and plate-glassing the fronts of the once diamond-paned shops. The influx of visitors from the United States is making its mark on London, where New York sky-scrapers are appearing, and new hotels furnished with every luxurious device, invention and ornament are daily displacing the rambling, galleried old White Horse and Blue Bull Inns which Dickens so minutely described.

A LONELY and hard childhood had Dickens. David Copperfield's autobiography goes far towards being that of the lonely little boy who used to sit upstairs in a little room which nobody else in the house troubled, poring over "Tom Jones," and "Don Quixote" and "The Arabian Nights". Like David, Dickens played at being Tom Jones for a week together. He played in a solitary fashion at pirates and savages, wreckers and lost mariners marooned on inaccessible islands—after the old, old fashion of Wendy and her brothers, and all children from all time. Only this little boy played alone and some sense of the poignancy of lonely childhood entered his breast then and never left it. The birthplace of his fancy was that little room which was "troubled by nobody."

Some years ago it came my way to make a pilgrimage round Dickens landmarks in London. Many that I found then have since disappeared, but one who journeys in that vast city, going carefully and with love, may still find many of the curious old places. Not much more than a year ago we walked up the roomy staircase of Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in Lincoln Inn Fields, and into the great room where that old Oyster once sat before his table defying the world to open him. And we hailed the Little Midshipman down in the Minories still taking observations, on the lookout for the return of old Sol Gills, and wandered about other

spots in Dickensland, notably the Temple, where poor Sidney Carton had his lodgings. Had more time been at our disposal, we could have gone further and visited the old Maypole Inn of which Dickens wrote in "Barnaby Rudge," and which is still in existence at Chigwell, but known as "The King's Head". This was built in the reign of Henry VIII., and here after a day's hawking slept one night the great Queen Elizabeth.

LIVING LINKS

FEW living links remain of Dickens' literary set. I am right, I believe, in naming two, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and an old Londoner who lives, or until quite recently lived, up a dark court in Fleet Street, one of those extraordinary street-lanes which branch at dark intervals off the most interesting street in the world. This old personage remembers Dickens well. In his boyhood he was employed in the office of "All The Year Round," and used to fetch ices for his famous master when he returned late to the office after his public readings. To the interviewer this old human link with Charles Dickens told many stories we have all read about of the excitement and eagerness with which announcements of a new Dickens serial were greeted. "I used to visit the toll gates," he said, "many of which were then in existence, and fix advertising boards upon them. Everybody coming into or going out of the city would thus see the announcement of the publication of, say, 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings'. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this story were sold on its publication." The old office boy's recollections of his master were that Dickens "was a very gentlemanly man, very dressy, and looked just as though he had come out of a band-box." Mrs. Dickens he remembers as "a very stout lady who wore a large crinoline."

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY

A STORY which I heard my own father often relate in later years was of an evening when he attended one of Mr. Dickens' very rare Dublin readings. The Master was reading that chapter in "Oliver Twist" which relates to Fagin in the condemned cell. A deep silence prevailed save for the clear mellow voice reading of the despairing Jew cowering down upon his stone bed—" 'Fagin,' said the gaoler—" As Mr. Dickens pronounced the name, the man who was seated next to my father leaped in his seat with a shout.

"That's me. He called me. I'll have him up for slander! I call ye all to witness that I was never in gaol in me life!"

During the disturbance which followed before the noisily protesting man was ejected—it was at the time of the Fenian excitements, and people were even more easily stirred than usual—Mr. Dickens sat quietly smiling, continuing his reading of the sombre chapter after the real Mr. Fagin had taken an agitated departure.

"SNUFF AND CARPET BAGS!"

IN HIS preface to the catalogue of the Pickwick Exhibition, held a few years ago in London, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald sings a requiem over vanished Pickwickian customs and objects. For instance, snuff. "Few," he says, in his interesting foreword, "indulge in snuffing now." And yet, any amount of snuff is sold to-day in London and notably, says "John o' London," to compositors in Fleet Street.

It is the same with carpet-bags such as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller loved. If any assurance is needed that the carpet bag is still in existence and used in the British Isles, I can only say that a little over a year ago I travelled from Galway to Dublin with all my belongings for a couple of days' visit packed in an eminently well-disposed family carpetbag striped brown and green and fastened with a padlock. It seemed like an old friend, and I felt incalculably Dickensy, indeed quite as if I might be going down to Muggleton with the iras-

cible old gentleman outside. What is your club bag but our old friend in a leathern coat and a sharp snap lock instead of the safe but ponderous black padlock!

. . . . . .

THE WOMAN WHO DROWNED LITTLE DORRIT

ANOTHER word about Dickens and I have done. Years ago when I first went into journalism in Canada, happening to write an appreciative paragraph or two on the great work of this Victorian novelist, a lady, incensed by what she termed "laudation of a vulgar author," wrote a twelve-page letter disparaging his work. "Believe me," she said, "we shall hear no more of Dickens within a decade. His work is practically dead now. May it soon be forgotten. So much do I dislike him—so vulgar do I think his books that I gathered "Little Dorrit," "Pickwick," and "Oliver Twist"—the three volumes of his we have in our house, and took them down and threw them into the lake."

And I remember how sorry I felt for this poor lady then, thinking quaintly the while of how cold a party Little Dorrit and her big child Maggie would have in the waters of blue Ontario. Yet better resting for them on the bottom of the lake than lodging upon the library shelves of a woman who could find Sam Weller vulgar and the immortal Pickwick a bore!

LIKE DAVID COPPERFIELD, DICKENS PLAYED AT BEING "TOM JONES" FOR A WEEK TOGETHER

. . . . . .

NAUGHTY!

A MEDICAL contemporary is credited with advising doctors to tell the ladies to wear rouge and powder. No doubt such a prescription is a necessary one to give to us, dear creatures, for we would never think of applying it without certified orders. And of course we lift horrified hands. The idea! Why, we never heard of such a thing! A little powder—well, everybody uses talcum, just a wee bit on the end of your nose, you know, but rouge! And you tell me the doctors are ordering it! As a preservative of the complexion. Well, "Betty, give this cheek a touch of red!" Just the smallest little hint of color, low down, not there on the cheek-bone where everybody can see it. Look at me sideways. That's how they can tell it—if you're beside a woman in the street car; rouge sits out from the skin so. Wish I could tone it down a little. You don't say so! does she? Why, I always thought her color was her own. Artful of her, wasn't it, to rub it on her ears and chin. Inside her nostrils! You don't say so! Is it any wonder the men call us false and deceiving? There, that's enough—too much. Rub off a little down near my chin. Well, what if I do! The doctors ordered it, so we may as well own up all round!

That's the sort of monologue we may be listening to presently if we obey the doctors' orders. Let me see, what was the argument? That "the use of face creams and make-up is universal and the moral aspect of the question is becoming settled. Our women now fearlessly handle the complexion brush and powder puff. Why is the face of a country woman of sixty years faded and wrinkled, while the face of a city woman of the same age frequently is smooth and beautiful? . . . . Many an actress courted by our fathers has a complexion the envy of our daughters. These are things the physician should know and not be afraid to say." And much more to this effect.

IF YOU WOULD BE FAIR

NOW I do not think any woman of forty or thirty or any age can have a beautiful smooth skin unless she was born with one. Naturally, the use of good creams preserves the skin, though hardly to the age of sixty. Most assuredly rouge and cheap powders do not help to preserve the smoothness and beauty of any sort of skin. Rouge yellows the cheeks of those who use it constantly, and this is why the actress removes her stage paint with cold cream immediately after the performance. Most rouge is made up of inferior carmine with saffron added, and nearly all liquid rouge is largely made of red ink mixed with distilled water and a few drops of perfume. How could red ink act as a skin preservative, or how could saffron or indeed any dye? The secret of skin preservation consists in keeping the skin perfectly clean, using good home-made cold cream, and the very best and finest rice powder in the market. These things and—veils. Cheap talcum, cheap toilet cream, and rouge of any kind are skin destroyers. So is violent massage; so is steaming and other fussing. If you have a good skin and wish to keep it, wash it with soap and warm water and a brush every night and morning, following each wash with a sousing in the coldest water, for so long as you can stand it. Dry thoroughly and rub over the skin the smallest possible bit of honest cold cream, dry off and dust with powder and wear a veil out of doors. That is simple, isn't it? But it is worth all the complexion novelties and recipes ever advertised. Such treatment, given faithfully with care of health, exercise outside, windows open all night, cold bedrooms, and plain food will do more towards making a comely old woman of you than anything I've ever heard of and I've been behind most screens in life. Rouge! Fudge!

I COULD NOT HELP THINKING HOW COLD A PARTY LITTLE DORRIT AND HER BIG CHILD MAGGIE WOULD HAVE IN THE WATERS OF BLUE ONTARIO

HER BAD RESOLUTIONS

HAVE your good resolutions already petered out? Had you made bad resolutions, like a woman I know, you might have kept good ones, which enigmatic saying can only be illustrated by a plain statement

Our friend made a peck or two of bad

I PICTURE MARY, "TENDER AND SLENDER AND YOUNG" READING THOSE STATELY VERSES "TO MARY" ON THE ROSY PAGE

intentions in the hope that being of the contrary woman nature something good might come of it.

Resolution One:—Not to go to church. Immediately a wild desire to worship decorously in the proper place assailed her and to church she has gone regularly so far.

Two:—To lie abed till ten during winter and spring. A mad passion to see the dawn at once arose in the perverse female heart.

Three:—To buy three new hats, a tailored suit and a box of gloves. You should have seen our friend busy for three evenings making over millinery; the dress went to the dyers, the old gloves had their buttons sewn on and their tops sewn in.

Evidently the way to keep good resolutions is to make bad ones and then proceed to pave downstairs with them.

THE BAIT THAT BATES ALL

"WHAT bait do you use?" said a Saint to the Devil,
"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"
"Well, for general use," said the King of Evil,
"Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for special use?" asked the Saint, "Ah, then,"
Said the Devil, "I angle for man, not men;
And there's one that to fail I never have found;
For a thing I hate
Is to change my bait,
So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

. . . . . .

"TO MARY"

THIS is the month sacred to what a girl irreverently refers to in a letter to the Pedlar as "that gay old sport, Saint Valentine". I could wish for this young person's punishment that she be set to peruse Elia on the good Bishop Valentine, the friend of all true lovers. In the day of Charles Lamb, the gentle "Elia," the valentine flourished. The little three-cornered missives with bleeding hearts stuck on with beeswax held many a tender message. Nowadays a few fancy shops show Valentine cards among their stationery and other light wares, but the old custom is moribund. The good old Saint went out of fashion with hoops and side curls. There are young girls and boys growing up who never even heard of him!

I have, in the old box where I keep some secrets and a piece of my heart, a Valentine which my father sent to his sweetheart long before I was thought of. It is a highly ornate affair with a little lace door in it, which when you open it reveals in a golden recess inside two hearts that beat as one, pierced with a single spear, and surrounded by a motto. There are lace arches which you pull out like a concertina and which are decorated with birds and flowers gummed on—and in slender,

angular, faded writing, very unlike the fashionable scrawl of nowadays—there are verses "To Mary," which are far, far too sacred to find their way here. And I picture Mary—for I knew her very well indeed later—a lissom girl with witching Irish eyes, long-lashed and gray, and blue-black hair and a coaxing mouth, "tender and slender and young," running to meet the postman one misty blue-gray Valentine morning, and reading in soft undertone that mingled with the hush of the sea, those tender, stately verses, "To Mary," which moved in minuet fashion down the rosy page on which the burning hearts lay pierced together. Long since she lies with her Valentine under the rough salt grasses by a wild coast where the crying of the curlews mingles with the wistful murmur of the sea. But the hearts still burn in passionate red upon the lace-edged paper, for Love is immortal.

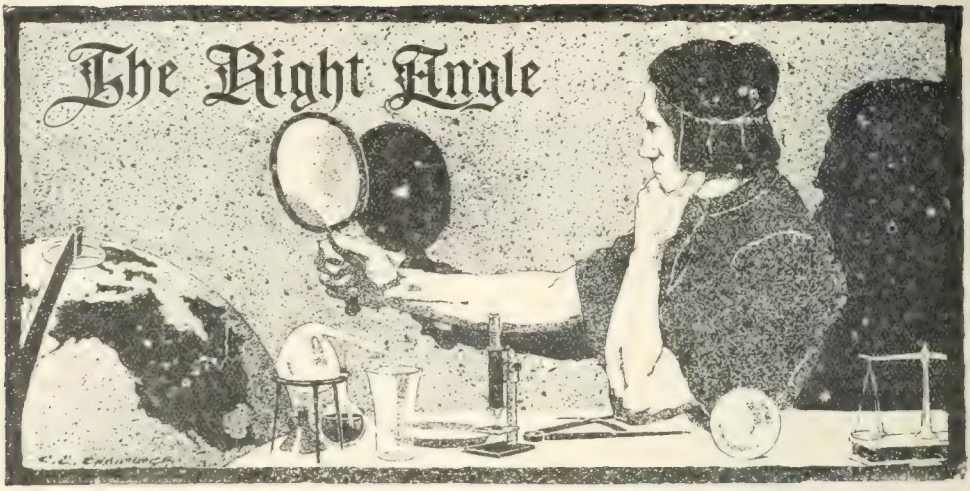
THE WHITE HAND IN THE FOREST

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

THERE'S a crashing in the forest
And the giant trees are swaying;
There's a ringing note of axes
And the crack of breaking boughs.
The wild blue grouse is startled
And the deer that here were playing
Flit swift, like cloud-cast shadows
From the Pioneer's carouse.

Yesterday the giants mocked him,
As they mocked the cyclone's thunder;
Yesterday they tower'd above him,
Pitying his puny strength—
But the White Hand in the Forest
Rent their monster limbs asunder
And to-day they lie before him,
Bole on bole, and length on length.

Slowly creeping, surely crawling,
He is carving out the future;
He is ripping down God's forest,
He is turning up the sod.
But the ringing of his axe-blade
Is the peace-song of God's people,
And the White Hand in the Forest
Is the working hand of God.



LABOUCHERE PASSES

HENRY LABOUCHERE is still so near to us that his name cannot be now dissociated from eccentric memories, so that the real measure of his work and its value is hard to estimate. With his death two weeks ago, the last of a group of modestly great men disappeared. Edmund Yates, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Arthur Evans, and a scant half dozen more writers and publicists were his co-workers by uncommon means to a common purpose, through the long and world changing reign of Victoria. There was no cohesive action among them, for they were impatient of help and often at open odds, but they had an identical detestation of pomposity, hypocrisy, indirection and outworn creeds either social or political, a vitric and most holy joy in going after shams, and no reverence whatever for anything that failed of response to plain common sense and elementary justice. How much of the glory of our good Queen and her beneficently prolonged days grew out of what they did and caused to be done may never be truly known; but they operated as a leaven of great health in the significant and far-reaching era that carries her name.

Labouchere was probably the first to recognize the growing power of the periodical press in shaping public opinion, certainly the first to make full and vigorous use of it. He was so much a democrat that even in England which is the foremost and truest of all democracies, they called him iconoclast, radical, and other names conveying temporary opprobrium—and much he cared for that. He was disinterested, if ever any man was. In all his long career there was no self-seeking. Honors and advancement beckoned him to none effect. He was a born fighter for the things he loved. Nothing diverted him from that conflict, and his mode of warfare was quite his own. Nobody had a better understanding of the power of ridicule. There is no answer to a laugh, and he knew it. Whom he detested, he chastened with barbed gibes, and that man straightway died to usefulness. As with people, so with things. He had supremely the gift of smiting with words that left their object gasping for reply, in the center of a grinning circle. He was not always right. No man ever was or ever will be. But he was right in the main, and so he left the world better than he found it.

His personal career was picturesque. An aristocrat by birth and heritage, he flouted the privileges of his class, and threw his energies toward their curtailment, especially as affecting government. An eagle hatched in a pheasant's nest could give no greater family uneasiness than he gave his in his earlier years, for he craved adventure and the rough edges of life, rather than ease. He had a roving time of it on this side the ocean in his twenties, among other episodes being a residence wich the Indians—Sioux, if recol-

lection serves—and an admission to blood brotherhood in the tribe. There was a brief service with the British mission at Washington, in deference to his father's wishes, but he had scant use for "red tape and dandies" as he put it. His real work began when he founded "Truth", a weekly that pricked shams and exposed blunders and swindles until it came into broad circulation and wholesome respect. A muckraker, maybe, but a most excellent judge of what was muck and what was not.

He had a deep and genuine love for the liberal arts, and became a very present help in need to all their worthy followers. Especially he was fond of drama, and had close friendship with many great actors. There is a flitting glimpse of him in an outdoor performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at his own place in the country, one summer evening in the nineties; of his putting on a silk hat and covert coat over the wig and dress of Bottom to ward off a chill and then walking all unaware across the scene with a cigar in his mouth to speak to some one who had motioned him over to the other side. Like his friend Gladstone (with whom he by no means invariably agreed) he was absent-minded, and when not intent upon an immediate topic or a lively controversy, full of busy thought in many fields extraneous to the moment.

There are others to succeed the group of which he was the foremost and the last, and to these, for the good of us all, he passed on the torch of progress, unblighted and undimmed.

THE GROWING WEST

COMPARISONS, they say, are odious, but they are nevertheless the only method by which one may gauge values, and some recent comparisons between Canadian cities and their United States neighbors point again to the often-reiterated fact that the twentieth century is Canada's.

Take, for example, the recently issued figures on building permits and bank clearings in Spokane, Washington, and Calgary. The two cities are near neighbors. Both are "boost" towns, with a live population and progressive methods. Spokane is the older and larger. But although Calgary cannot help the former disadvantage, she is rapidly gaining on the Washington city in every other way.

In 1910 the building permits of Calgary totalled up to the very large sum of $12,609,475, as against $3,310,-202 in Spokane.

The bank clearings for the year in Spokane showed a total of $220,317,-417. The bank clearings of Calgary during the same time showed a total of $219,245,878.

This year, and especially during the last six months, Calgary has been rapidly distancing its United States neighbor. The figures on Spokane's bank clearings of the last six months are only $11,428,244, while Calgary's show $125,781,727.

Nor is Calgary alone in this swift growth. From Winnipeg west, one might compare city and city on either side of the line, with no disadvantage to Canada. The twentieth century is indeed ours.

A PRAYER

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

I TAKE my life with outstretched hands,
The gold—the dust—
This much I ask; a perfect truth,
A perfect trust.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF HARRY LAUDER

HARRY LAUDER, who really cares no more for a dime than his right eye, was walking up Broadway one afternoon during his recent trip to New York. With him was a young woman, a friend of the family.

As Lauder and his companion came opposite a florist who had a particularly fine display of flowers outside his store where the fragrance reached everyone, the young woman instinctively stopped, and, looking longingly at the display, said:

"My, but don't they smell sweet?"

"That they do," said Lauder; "let's stand here a while and smell them."

THE ULTIMATE REASON

SHE had tried him on art, music, bridge, and the weather, and he had proved unresponsive.

"How do you account for the high cost of living?" she asked at last. For the first time he showed signs of life.

"Why—why, " he stammered, "perhaps because there's so much demand for it, don't you know?"

AS A FAVOR

GABRIEL'S trump had sounded. The lines were being formed for the judgment.

A stern-jawed female wraith stepped out of the ranks and spoke to Peter.

"As a favor to a lady," she asked, 'would you mind holding my name back until after you have read the record of Amos Bingor? He was my third husband; I was his second wife—and that man never was as confidential with me as I wanted him to be."

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL

HE had dined. It was the hour when even churchyards are said to yawn, and they had left him at his front gate, insisting he could find the front door by himself.

He made a shot at it, and brought up against the one small tree, about two inches in diameter, that ornamented the front yard. He tacked back to the sidewalk and tried it again, with the same result. Again he tried, from several different angles.

At last he gave it up. Carefully removing his boots, hat and coat, he folded the coat for a pillow, and composed himself to sleep against the foot of the tree, murmuring,

"Losht! Hopelessly losht in the depths of an impenetrable foresht!"

NOT AS ADVERTISED

She had been allowed to remain for church, a long-promised treat, but before the end of the service, she palpably lost interest in the proceedings. When she returned home, her mother asked her how she liked it.

"Oh," she said, "it's a fake, mamma. They sang about a consecrated cross-eyed bear, and I looked everywhere, and all they had was Jimmy Dugan's puppy."